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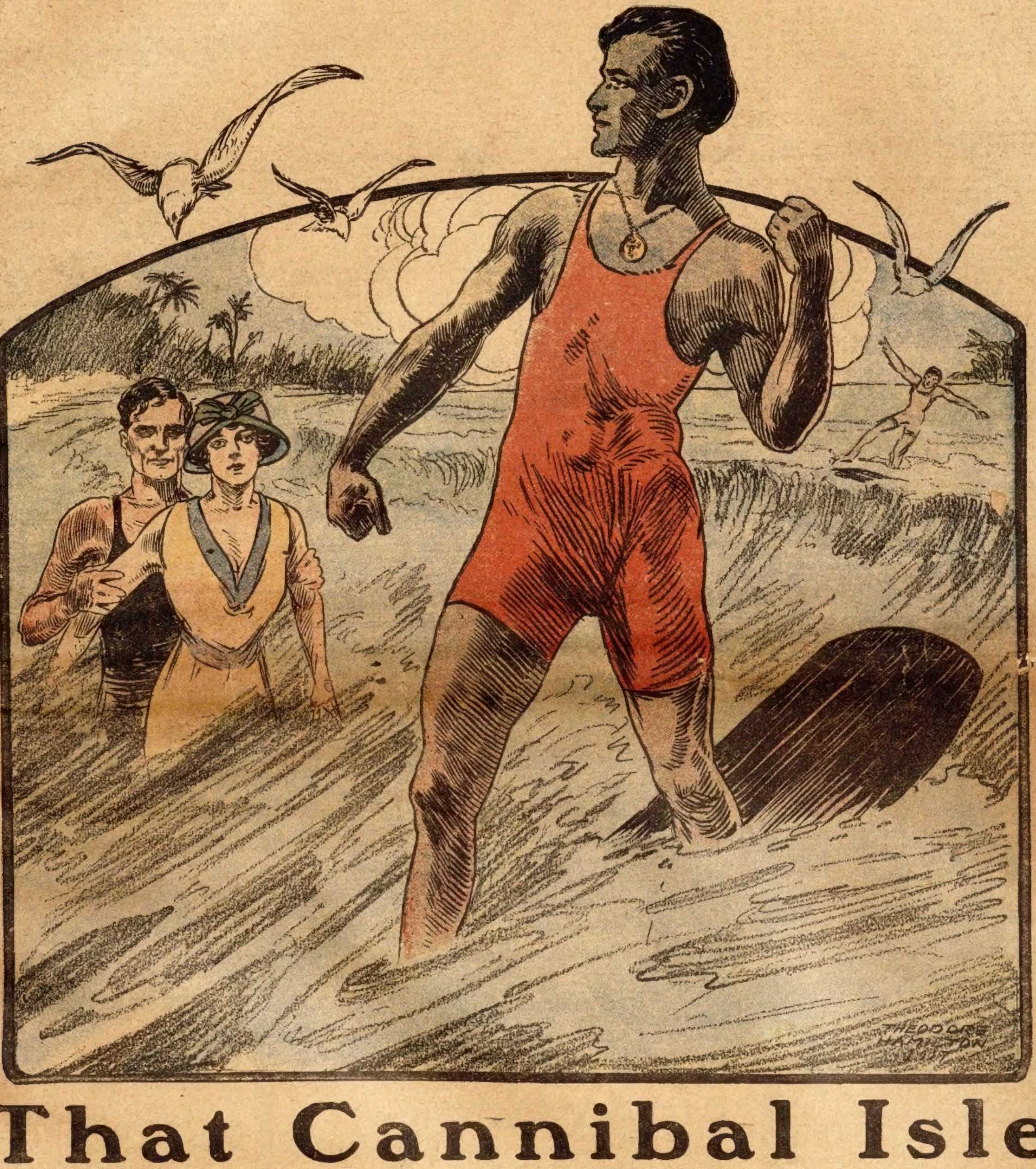

That Cannibal Isle

-:- Or, -:-

The Ruby of Roo

By Will Gage Carey

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CHAPTER I.

ROBBED OF OUR RUBY.

WHEN a person has been chased away from a certain cannibal island as often as had I, escaping disaster and, not unlikely, death itself by only the narrowest margin, it would seem that such a person would steer clear of that particular locality the balance of his days. So, indeed, it seemed to both my wife, Martella, and to myself; and yet some strange, subtle force appeared to be ever drawing us back to the beauteous, malevolent Island of Fhu-boo-loo!

To begin with, can an island be both "beauteous" and "malevolent" at one and the same time? Are the two qualifying adjectives too dissimilar to be used in describing the same object? I hardly think so. For beautiful Fhu-boo-loo unquestionably is, with its emerald setting of luxurious verdure and tropical foliage, and its smooth, glistening border of white strand; and yet how threatening, how cruelly unkind and vindictive it had ever proved itself to Martella and me!

And now of my own free will and accord I was planning to return to that island domain of King Maori; stranger still, it was a matter of conscience which both conceived and fostered this hazardous undertaking. I was going back to return to the ruler of Fhu-boo-loo a possession which once had been the cherished pride of his heart—the royal launch.

True, this little gray craft was not what you might term the last word in motor launches; it lay far too deep in the water for speed, and the noise of its exhaust was assertive and excessive. But such as it was, it belonged to Maori; and tho in times past he had schemed and plotted against me and mine, had dealt treacherously, and double-crossed me whenever he could, I was determined to return him his property, even tho bound by no agreement nor code of moral ethics to do so. At a time when both King Maori and his subjects thirsted for my life, I escaped from Fhu-boo-loo in this royal launch. In it I finally reached the course taken by the great sailing ships, and was hoisted aboard, and carried back to San Francisco, the little launch in tow; and in that city, at the foot of Water street, it had lain snugly anchored for months.

My decision to depart for Fhu-boo-loo again in the gray launch was hastened by an event—a crisis, I might say—which came upon us like a bolt from a clear sky. We were robbed of our most cherished possession—the Ruby of Roo! On a fateful Wednesday night Martella had worn it to the opera. Returning, she had removed it, and placed it in her little jewel chest; and in the morning both chest and jewels were gone!

I was distracted at our loss, and wholly without a clew to the perpetrator; Martella was even more distracted—and she came forth with a clew that she could give no clear and logical reason for following, except that she just knew she was right.

"It's that—that 'slicker' from the South Seas who did this!" she exclaimed, in tones of finality. "I know it!"

"By 'slicker' meaning——" I commenced.

"I mean King Maori, ruler of Fhu-boo-loo! At one time he was the rightful owner of the Ruby of Roo; he has sworn to possess it again, rightfully or otherwise. Doubtless he or his agents trailed us for weeks. He has succeeded at last; the ruby is in his possession. Without doubt he has already started back to Fhu-boo-loo——"

"And I," I exclaimed, jumping to my feet, "shall start out after him—at once, and in the royal launch."

I could see by the faint flush creeping into her cheeks, and by the new light in her eyes that she quite approved of this decision; and yet there was something in her tone when she spoke that conveyed much more.

"How's that again, please?" she asked.

"I said," I began, firmly, "that I shall——"

"Yes, I heard you the first time; but you are not wholly right, Harold; you should have said 'we' shall follow in the royal launch!"

"Martella," I said, still more firmly, "that talk is worse than foolish; the trip at best will be hazardous; there will be danger and uncertainty on every side. You must stay here, Martella, and wait for me. This I insist upon. You look after things here; and I shall depart——"

"We shall depart——"

"Now, Martella——"

She was standing before me now with eyes flashing. If I admit now that I gave [illegible] to her, I presume there will be those [illegible] will think that Martella had her own wa[illegible] about it, in direct opposition to my own will and command. Well, maybe so. The old idea that all women fall for the cave-man stuff has caused many an ivory-domed Romeo to start something he couldn't finish. Anyhow, I argued no further. It was her ruby—perhaps it was her right to go.

To search for a glittering ruby thruout a group of cannibal isles in the South Seas—was it not foolhardy—the visionary plan of a dreamer? Perhaps so. And yet—when little Martella came over to me, and looking up into my face, with her hand in mine, said, quietly:

"We'll go together, Harold; and we'll find the Ruby of Roo"—well, somehow, I couldn't help feeling that the little girl was right.

CHAPTER II.
A SURF-RIDER.

FROM the top of Telegraph Hill, in San Francisco, one sees the entrance of the Golden Gate almost at his feet; the fortified hills on either side, and the terraces of Alcatraz Island frowning down upon the passing ships. Abreast of Alcatraz is the Presidio, the Federal military reserve, where the main garrison is maintained, and where troops en route to and from the Philippines are received and dispatched. Beneath the cliffs of Telegraph Hill, and sweeping southward, are the docks of the city; and at Market street, the Ferry Building, that spacious structure of California sandstone, with a great clock twenty-three feet in diameter in its spire-like tower. Here is the debarkment point for over a hundred thousand people every day, between the metropolis and the cities and towns across the bay.

All these familiar landmarks Martella and I viewed from the upper deck of the outward-bound Mauna Kea; viewed until the circling sea-gulls which accompanied us out to sea turned shoreward again, and until the skyline of giant buildings blended into an indistinct blur on the distant horizon. Then Martella went at once to her stateroom, while I proceeded below to see if the royal launch had been loaded without mishap.

Our mission now was two-fold: To return this royal launch, and—of far greater moment to us—to get some line if possible while on Fhu-boo-loo concerning the missing Ruby of Roo. The first we knew we could accomplish, in time; the second would require much purposeful planning and endeavor. I must confess that, so far, we had no definite plan in mind as to how we could get hold of the ruby again, even should we be fortunate and lucky enough to come across it again. But the matter was ever in my mind. I felt certain that by the time we set foot upon the domain of King Maori, I would have some practical plan of procedure formulated.

We arrived safely at Honolulu, where our launch was unloaded; for it was from here we hoped to find a ship which would take us within easy motor distance of the seldom frequented shores of Fhu-boo-loo. Such a vessel, however, was not easy to find, the southern course of the majority being too far to the westward.

Still, it could not be said that time hung heavy on our hands; each day there was some new sport to enjoy; some new wonder to visit, some spot of scenic splendor to explore. Martella was especially taken up with watching the daring surf-riders come dashing in upon the beach at Waikiki. There was one bronze Hercules in particular, who rode his board with unusual skill, mounting the foam-crested billows like a phantom of the deep, erect, graceful, keeping his poise and balance with seeming ease. Martella and I had both noted this statuesque Hawaiian rider apart from all the others; and one day, when we were sitting on the beach rather closer to the water than usual, an incident occurred whereby we made his acquaintance.

The sea was uncommonly rough that day; only the most daring riders had ventured forth. Suddenly, upon the crest of a great, rolling billow, we beheld a giant surf-rider bearing straight down upon us, with the speed of light! It was our unknown favorite; but right now there was no time to admire his wondrous skill and dexterity. He saw us at the instant of beaching, as we were scrambling in futile haste to get out of his course. With a powerful lurch of his body, he swerved his surf-board to the right, missing us by only the narrowest margin. We were safe, but with the violence of his exertion he lost his equilibrium, rolled head over heels along the sand, and came up with a heavy thud at our feet.

Undoubtedly he felt chagrin and mortification that he had lost his hold of the board, and had taken so awkward a tumble before Waikiki's afternoon crowd of select sight-seers; but with clever dissimulation, he concealed his own feelings, and appeared solicitous of our welfare only.

"You—you are not hurt?" he exclaimed, anxiously, as he scrambled to his feet; then, seeing we were quite unharmed, he added with a smile: "I must ask your pardon——"

"Not at all!" I interrupted. "It was our own fault for being down too close to the water."

And Martella chimed in: "I think, rather, it is for us to apologize—for spoiling your wonderful ride."

He smiled graciously at her remark, and with almost boyish frankness introduced himself, after I had handed him my card.

"My name," he said simply, "is Kahanamoku."

I studied his face carefully; then remarked:

"There was a Kahanamoku at Stockholm; he was a marvel! He broke the world's swimming record for a hundred yards——"

"Ah, you know him, then—you know Duke Kahanamoku?"

He was speaking with a strange fervency now, and his dark eyes seemed to flash proudly as he put the query.

"I have met that wonderful swimmer," I answered; "and it was my good fortune to see him establish the record at Stockholm. Can it be that he is your——"

"He is my cousin," he answered, with a slight straightening of his broad, bronze shoulders. "He taught me surf-riding; he taught me all I know about swimming!"

"In which case," I made reply, "you must assuredly be some swimmer——"

I stopped short, and leaned over closer to him. For now I beheld around his neck a chain of curious workmanship; and from it there hung suspended a small gold locket. This locket I grasped, and with a quick twist tore it loose from his neck. Surprise and rising wrath now shone in his eyes; he grabbed for the locket, but with one arm, I held him back. Without a word being spoken I opened the locket before his angry face. Within was a miniature picture of my wife—Martella.

CHAPTER III.
COUSIN COMES ALONG.

NOW, I want to say this much in extenuation and by way of excuse for my violent action: I recognized that peculiarly wrought necklace the instant I saw it as one which Martella always kept locked up in her jewel safe along with the Ruby of Roo! There was no possible doubt on this point; I would have recognized it instantly anywhere. Where had this Hawaiian boy got hold of it? Possibly I should have waited to ascertain before laying violent hands upon it; but I acted upon a hasty impulse of the moment.

The color had left Martella's face; she stood there speechless, too astonished for words. Young Kahanamoku, too, seemed spell-bound, both by my action, and by the contents revealed by my opening the locket. He stood there looking first at my wife, then at her counterpart miniature within the locket.

"I didn't even know—I didn't even imagine that the locket would open!" he exclaimed at length.

All sign of anger had left him now; we all three settled ourselves amicably upon the white sand to discuss the strange circumstance.

"It is surely mine," observed Martella, turning it over and over in her hand. "I am sure I would have recognized it even without the picture of me inside."

Evidently she was all curiosity to know more about it, but disliked asking any questions. I had no such scruples myself.

"Kahanamoku," I began, "how long have you had this chain and locket?"

"About ten days," he answered promptly.

"Where did you get it?"

"It was given to me."

"By whom?"

"I can't answer that."

"You mean——"

"I mean I don't know."

"A stranger?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember how he looked—his personal appearance?"

"Oh, yes; quite well."

"Then see if I can describe him."

"Go ahead."

"Well, he was a large individual, physically—and very big-spoken as well?"

"Yes," answered Kahanamoku, smiling, "he was."

"He talked a great deal—and used a vast amount of slang?"

"Yes—yes."

"His complexion was dark—darker than a Hawaiian——"

"Yes."

"And his upper front teeth were of gold; so that when he smiled——"

"Yes—yes, that's the man who gave me this locket! Who is he?"

"That," I replied, "was King Maori, ruler of the Island of Fhu-boo-loo!"

We could see that the name meant nothing to our new acquaintance; his whole thought seemed only to right himself in our graces.

"I spent the day shark-hunting with this—this king person," he exclaimed hurriedly. "He paid me money; and he presented me with the necklace, which, from the picture, I am at once convinced is your property. Therefore, I must again ask your pardon——"

"It seems to be the open season for apologizing," I cut in, "for surely I must ask you to forgive my rudeness in snatching the chain from your neck. You see, this locket—and another valued possession—were stolen from us recently. When I saw the locket again, I acted upon a sudden impulse, and I now regret my rudeness."

I offered him my hand. He took it without hesitation, and we were once again on the best of terms.

"By the way, Mr. Kahanamoku," observed Martella, at length, "did this King Maori show you any of his particular belongings; that is, er—anything that he seemed to prize very, very highly?"

"Why, yes," the young Hawaiian answered, "come to think of it, he did."

Martella was all eagerness and excitement.

"Oh, what was it? What was it, Mr. Kahanamoku?" she queried fervidly.

"As I remember," replied the Hawaiian, solemnly, "it was a moonlight view of Portland, Ore., showing Mt. Hood in the distance——"

Martella jumped to her feet, half-petulantly, and began walking rapidly away toward the hotel. Kahanamoku gazed after her, his dark eyes filled with wonderment, unable to understand wherein he had offended. I explained matters to him briefly, and as clearly as I could; but I drew the line at any further apologizing, either on his part or my own.

We stayed another full week at that wonderful beach of Waikiki; and the greater part of every day and evening we spent in company with young Kahanamoku. We found that he improved on acquaintance; that he did not have to be on a surf-board to be interesting and entertaining; that he was equally graceful and efficient under any condition or in any environment.

At the end of ten days, I had a plan all thought out to put in operation over upon the cannibal island of Fhu-boo-loo. And so, at the end of that time, when we boarded a great sailing vessel for the South Seas, Martella and I were not alone; there was a third member to our party—the own cousin and protege of Duke Kahanamoku, the greatest swimmer in the world; and said cousin and protege was a part of my plan.

CHAPTER IV.
ON THE UPPER DECK.

I THINK I shall always remember that night we sailed away from the Island of Oahu. Above us the little silvery stars shone, seeming so near we could almost reach out and grasp them from where we three—Martella, Kahanamoku and I—sat in a sheltered nook of the upper deck. At Makapuu Point the great, glaring eye of the lighthouse (with the largest lens in the world) winked and blinked at us, as tho wishing us bon voyage, as we sailed farther, farther out upon the rolling swell of the great, gray ocean. Kahanamoku—he permitted us to call him Kahan for

One People

By Audrie Alspaugh Chase

We are one people.

Awhile a hive of busy self-seekers,
We have been torn this way and that
By politics and peace and prosperity and poverty
And countless other forces;
Distracted by dollars, daisies of an idle holiday,
Distraught by false creeds and philosophies—
Each of us striving, with individualism rampant,
To crowd beyond one's fellow in life's race.

But now we are one people.

With war's tocsin falls the mask of self.
It proves us children of our fighting fathers,
Who carved this country from rough wilderness.
It welds to us and we to them as brothers
Those adopted children from over seas.
It calls our men to fight, our women to give them gladly.
In unity, war's red surge we hate, but ruthless tyrant worse.

Now we are one people.

We put aside our pleasures and ambitions,
We smother out our alien loyalties,
Dear family joys renounce.
Before the fire of danger, like base metals,
Melt our self-interest and self-love.
It welds us pure as whole.
Our hearts beat to the nation's standard
As one heart in a mighty mother breast—
No discord to imperil the great procedure.
Under our star-sown, glory-hued banner,
Loyally, self gone, we do as our chief bids.
We do not question—we stand by.

For now we are one people.

short—had a ukulele along; and on this he played soft, tinkling notes, and sang to us the plaintive, minor cadences of Hawaiian love songs.

The hour was late when Martella at last retired to her stateroom; but I lingered a while longer there upon the upper deck with the young Hawaiian; for there were certain things I thought I ought to tell him concerning those strange, mysterious islands for which we were heading.

I explained to him some of the characteristics of the Fhu-boo-loos, and also of the inhabitants of the neighboring Island of Roo. I told him how, by some strange freak, the people of these two islands of the great South Sea group spoke only English, ranging all the way from slang to purest Anglo-Saxon. The reason for this ethnologic phenomenon I was quite unable to explain, of course, I told him of the one great obsession of these Fhu-boo-loos and Roos—their insatiate craving for and enjoyment of all forms of vigorous athletic sports, and contests of skill, muscle and science.

Briefly, I outlined to him the main facts of certain earlier trips I had made to these islands; and I explained to him that while at the time of my last departure from Fhu-boo-loo, King and subjects alike were bent upon my immediate and complete annihilation, they were, after all, but a temperamental, fun-loving, sportive race, quite incapable of holding for long either malice or hatred. In short, I led him to understand that while our sojourn upon Fhu-boo-loo would be fraught with some uncertainty, peril and danger, the one thing for us to do was ever to put up a bold front; to ever be—in outward appearance, at any rate—masters of ourselves and any condition which might arise.

He listened to me with keen attention; and I noted with inward rejoicing that he seemed to thrill at the prospect of a good, lively mix with these high-strung, impetuous savages before we were thru with it.

"And you're going all the long way back to Fhu-boo-loo again, to take back to King Maori his motor launch in which you escaped from the isle when things were breaking against you?" he observed, at length.

"Partially that, Kahan," I answered, "but candidly, the main reason for the voyage is to regain our rightful possession—the Ruby of Roo! We know now for a certainty (from Maori's giving you the necklace) that it was he who purloined the jewel case. Somewhere, then, on Fhu-boo-loo is the precious ruby Martella is even now, most likely, grieving her little heart out about. It is our mission first to locate that jewel, then to secure it, and make our get-away."

A strange quietude seemed to have fallen over Kahanamoku. He sat looking out to where the streaming moonlight had turned the rolling waves into molten silver. At last he spoke, and his voice was low and fervid:

"A good many years ago a little girl from somewhere way down in the Southern Seas spent a few months on Oahu with her mother. She had big, dark eyes, and long, black curly hair. We were together a great deal, roaming over the mountain trails, exploring the caves, playing in the sand of the beach, as children will. Her name was Nalira. One day her mother took her away, back down to her home on some far-away South Sea isle. Somehow—well, I never seemed to care much for any other girl after that; I was just sort of wondering, if in our wanderings down where we are going—if we would come across any one who ever knew——"

He did not finish, but arose quickly, and began putting his ukulele away in its case.

"Nalira! A little dark-eyed maid from the South Sea isles!" I repeated softly to myself.

Was our voyage to be one of romance as well as grim business and nerve-testing adventure?

CHAPTER V.

KING MAORI'S GREETING.

TWO weeks later, on a calm, still morning, we reached a latitude and longitude which was the nearest point to Fhu-boo-loo from the track taken by the big sailing vessels. The ship stopped. Our launch was let down over the side, and bidding farewell to the Captain and officers, we started down the ship's ladder. Hardly had we got settled in the launch in readiness to cast away, when young Kahanamoku sprang to his feet.

"Black Dave!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "I've forgotten Black Dave!"

With a jump he made the ladder, and was soon climbing rapidly aboard the ship again. Martella turned to me, her eyes round with astonishment.

"What on earth can he mean?" she queried. "Who is 'Black Dave?'"

"Don't you know?" I answered, enjoying her amazement.

"I can't imagine."

"Well, 'Black Dave'—is his rifle!"

"Oh-h!"

"And it's the doggonest-looking weapon I ever laid eyes on," I continued, truthfully enough. "It's got a black stock, a short barrel with the biggest bore I ever saw in a rifle."

"Why did he bring it?"

"Just his notion; I tried to get him not to, but he wouldn't listen to me. In order to get Kahanamoku I had to consent to 'Black Dave' being one of our party as well——"

"Is he a good shot?" she asked eagerly.

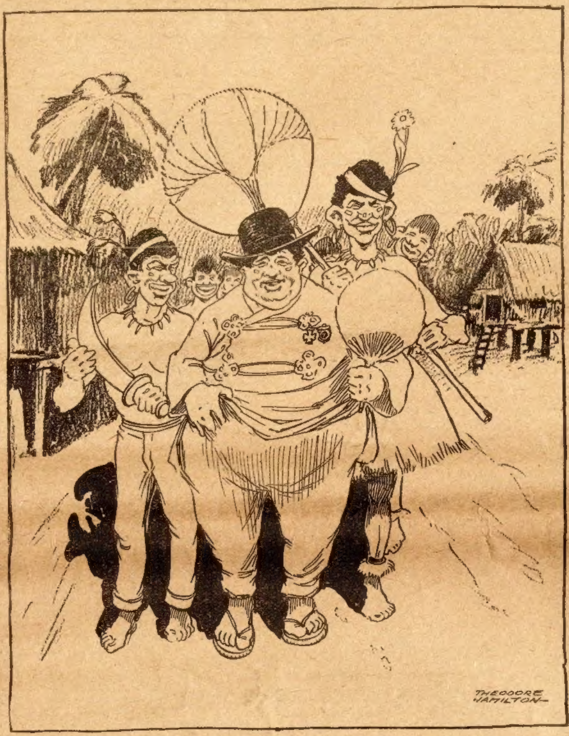
"An expert, so I've heard."

"Then," she answered, practically, "it may be a good thing he brought 'Black Dave' along. You never can tell!"

At that moment the Hawaiian appeared on the ladder again, bearing his disreputable-looking weapon. In another moment we had started our motor, and were scudding in the direction which, according to our compass, would bear us to the gleaming shores of the land we sought.

It was nearly noon when we sighted the island. Ah, beautiful, shimmering Fhu-boo-loo! Like a great emerald it lay there before us, the silvery waves breaking against its pebbly strand, its palm trees swaying gently in the breeze, a soft, purple haze over its far inland crags and mountain slopes. Yes, Fhu-boo-loo; a dream of Paradise; an inferno, betimes, of cruel reality.

From the side of the island from which we approached, a large, mountainous projection or promontory arose, cutting off a view of the immediate interior—the King's palace, and the main built-up portion of the island. I knew that around this promontory lay a sheltered bay, and a harbor hollowed out to some depth. So around this projecting cliff of craggy rocks we steered, then straight up to a little boathouse at the dock.


THEODORE HAMILTON—

"Well, well!" he said. "Look what the cat's brought in!"

The island seemed strangely quiet; this was due, perhaps, to its being about siesta time, and in the heat of the day. We alighted, made the launch fast, locked our few belongings in the little cabin we had fixed up for Martella, then started inland toward the royal palace. We had traversed about one-third of the distance, possibly, when in turning a corner around a ledge in the trail we came suddenly upon an approaching group which made my heart leap to my throat. It was the King himself, walking slightly in advance of his courtiers and attendants. I would have dodged back to await a more favorable moment and manner of approach; unfortunately, however, Maori had espied us. There was nothing for us to do now but to advance and meet him, putting on the best front possible; and this we did.

His astonishment, as we drew closer and he made out our identity, was amusing to behold. It seemed as tho he could with difficulty believe his own eyes.

He had himself quickly in hand again, however. I saw him turn toward one of his courtiers; and his remark to him was thoroly characteristic. We were close enough now so that we could see the gleam of his gold teeth as he spoke, which he did in a tone he was sure we would overhear: "Well, well—as I live!" he exclaimed. "Look what the cat's brought in!"

CHAPTER VI.

MAORI FACES THE ISSUE.

HE WAS standing still now; it was up to us to do whatever advancing was done. At length we stood before him.

"Harold Morganblott!" he exclaimed hoarsely, ignoring my companions.

"At your service, King."

"Where's my launch?"

"Down at the boathouse."

"In what condition?"

"As good as it ever was, King."

He was feeling his ground carefully, not knowing as yet exactly where he stood.

"Um-m! Well, it better be, Harold," he remarked, at length, "or you'll find yourself enjoyin' a long sleep, with white lilies in your mitt!"

By this time his retinue had joined us, and a constantly increasing number of Fhu-boo-loos; these were all talking excitedly regarding my arrival, but if they ever harbored serious animosity toward me it seemed to be all forgotten now. In fact, they pressed about us closely, as tho genuinely glad to see us. Maori waved them back. He would have no such cordial demonstrations until he knew more about how things stood.

"What brought you back here, Harold?" he asked abruptly.

"I came to return your property—your launch."

He turned aside with a deprecating shrug. "That ol' one-lung canal-boat? I wouldn't have it aroun'; I make you a present of it, here and now!"

Whether he was speaking truthfully or not I could not determine; his words were a surprise, and unexplainable.

"I can remember, King, when you thought differently," I said.

"Oh, yes," he answered, indolently; then, assuming a lordly tone and manner he resumed: "But you know, Harold, this is an age of progression; the world is ever advancing. I consider that ol' tub entirely passe. I have ordered a new electric launch. It is to be delivered on Fhu-boo-loo next month. Oh, yes, Harold, you may retain that wheezy ol' gasoline bird; it will, I dare say, answer all your requirements."

I think it was at this time that he recognized Kahanamoku, who, with Martella, had been standing back a little to one side. At any rate, so Martella told me later. It was at this point in our interview that he gave a secret signal to his armed guards to close in around me. For my part, I saw neither signal nor guard. His insolence and bantering had worked on me until I didn't have right good sense.

"Now, Harold," he went on, with a sneer which was a torment, "think a moment. Isn't there something else which brought you back——"

"Your royal highness——"

"Something else to which we are indebted for this great treat——"

"Yes, you big hunk of diseased cheese!" I cut loose wrathfully, "there is something else. We have come here to regain that which you stole—the Ruby of Roo!"

What happened during the next few moments will ever remain but a blur in my memory. I heard Martella scream. I saw good old Kahanamoku bowling over Fhu-boo-loos right and left, and all this time I was struggling fiercely with four giant savages—Maori's personal body-guard. Then a war-club crashed against my dome, and I went down for the full count.

This strange story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

THE DAY'S WORK.

The day's work counts—
It isn't what
You mean to do a week ahead;
It isn't what you know you'll gain
When all annoyances have fled;
It isn't what you've dreamed and planned—
Such hopes are but a phantom band—
The day's work counts.

The day's work counts—
The foot you gained
Since yonder sun dispelled the dark.
Next week, next month, next year are vain—
Unto the present summons hark;
How have you fared ahead since morn
In garnering life's oil and corn?
The day's work counts.

The day's work counts—
It isn't much,
The gain of those few painful hours;
But be content if there is shown
Some product of those sacred powers
Which guide each mind, uphold each hand.
Strive with the best at your command—
The day's work counts.

No Economy.

"There is only one thing to do and that is to economize," said Mrs. Longstayer to Mrs. Boredawful. "Now that the war has been an excuse for advancing the prices on everything we will have to practice rigid economy in all things and especially in sugar, sirups and toothpicks and clay pipes and watch crystals."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to do much economizing," sighed Mrs. Boredawful. "It won't work in our household. I never can remember what is high and what isn't and I suppose that there will be some low priced things. Products that this locality has for sale will be cheap, of course, while things grown in other sections will be expensive.

"I shall have to keep a list and if I do keep such a list I can't let my husband see it. He would immediately be seized wth repulsion for the cheap things and at the same time conceive a violent affinity for the high-priced articles.

"I share that peculiarity of my husband's. I hate anything that is cheap. I have often noticed it. If I am eating a carrot and suddenly find it distasteful I know instantly that carrots must be getting cheap. When I look up the market column in the newspaper, sure enough, I see that carrots are 30 cents a barrel. Yes, it always works that way.

"On the other hand, if I begin to long for carrots and must have them and if my husband and I eat them all up and sigh for more then I know that they are high-priced and glancing at the paper I see my fears confirmed. Carrots are selling at $7 a barrel.

"There are many other people like us. If the war advances the price of candies then inevitably candy at $5 a pound will be worth staying home from the theater for.

"And toothpicks and clay pipes—I never did use a clay pipe or toothpicks, but since you have mentioned them I begin to feel that I will have to have a clay pipe.

"This highness of price is the only thing that makes some things worth while. No one would eat olives if they were not a luxury. And caviar! If caviar were cheap it would not be available even for hog fat. If it goes still higher we must have it at any price. It comes very near being detestable at its present figures and certainly it can't stand cheapening at all——"

Seeing that there wasn't going to be much chance to do the talking, Mrs. Longstayer departed sadly.

Not a Mistake.

The old soldier was telling of his thrilling adventures on the field of battle to a party of young fellows, one or two of whom were skeptical as to his veracity.

"Then," he said, "the surgeons took me up and laid me carefully in the ammunition wagon, and——"

"Look here," interrupted one of the doubtful listeners; "you don't mean the ammunition wagon. You mean the ambulance wagon."

But the old man shook his head.

"No," he insisted; "I was so full of bullets that they decided I ought to go in the ammunition wagon.'

In Bloody Mary's Days

-:- Or, -:-

The Nottingham Maid

By T. C. Harbaugh

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CHAPTER V.

IT IS three weeks after Gilbert Montjoy's arrival in London, and he is still there. More than once he has sighed for the cliffs of Nottingham and the little bower which looks out over The Wash, whose waters dance silvery in the sun. He has found his legacy, but still he lingers in Queen Mary's capital with its roisterers and its nobles, with its dark places and its crimes. He has got an insight into the real Captain Blunderblade, he has heard his story from the ashen lips of the woman who was thrown into the tide from the great bridge, and he has not crossed the Captain's path since the night of his first adventure.

In his little room in the Red Robin, a pleasant tho not very famous inn, he sat looking at the rapier which had brought him to the city. His hand went over the steel as he recalled his father, whose death was yet a mystery, and now and then he heard the voices that reached his ears from the street.

He had promised Captain Blunderblade to help him find Lady Selkirk, but had made as yet no attempt to redeem his promise. He hoped he was shut of the giant forever.

Of one thing he was certain. He had not been tracked to his inn. Captain Blunderblade had not found him in his new quarters, and he fancied that the big fellow had forgotten him.

It was a cool, windy night, and he had placed some fresn fuel on the hearth. The flames had caught at the moss, and fitful flashes of cheerful light filled the room.

More than once Gilbert had thought of going back to the old trysting place on the cliffs. He knew that Lucy still went there to watch and wait for him. Once he had gone so far as to saddle his horse, but something held him back. His little store of wealth was not quite gone. There were a few shillings in his purse, and he could pay his score for a few days more at the Red Robin.

During his stay in London he had made no effort to seek out Captain Blunderblade, whom he was sure he could find at his house in Blackfriars, or in some coffeehouse where he was likely to start a brawl and crack a few heads, as he was wont to do when in his cups. Only once had he passed by the Captain's abode, but it was dark and he did not knock.

Suddenly there came to his ears outside the door a sound of voices. Gilbert raised his head and listened. There was cause for any one to listen those times in London, when almost any one was in danger from night prowlers, or even from the night-watch, which was no better than the common thief.

Gilbert rose to his feet and leaned toward the door, listening still. All at once there sounded a gentle rap on the door and he laid his hand on the latch.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"One who would see you."

It was a woman's voice, and Montjoy pulled the door ajar to gaze into a face half hidden by a dark worsted hood. It was not a very young face and he was puzzled.

"You are the man from Nottingham?" said the same voice, as the speaker put a foot forward.

"I am Gilbert Montjoy," he answered, still trying to get at the true meaning of the eyes that regarded him so closely.

"Then I will come in," and suiting action to her words, the woman glided forward, making a motion to Gilbert to shut the door.

In the light of the fire she threw back her hood, revealing a thin but not unhandsome face which at some time might have been celebrated for its beauty.

"I am glad to have found you," the woman said, with a little smile which seemed to admit of cheerfulness. "Do you know I have been looking for you these many days?"

"Why for me?"

"Because I need you, and at the same time I may have need of this," and she laid her hand on the rapier. "It is a pretty thing and looks as tho it might be dangerous in the right hand."

"It has never found blood," observed Montjoy, with a smile. "I have never given it in anger to one of my fellow men."

"And you wear it in London, too?" exclaimed the woman. "What sort of man are you with your good arms and clear eyes?"

"Not a man of blood, I assure you," was the reply. "This is my legacy and was the loadstone that brought me down from Nottingham. I am not a seeker of blood."

The woman was leaning against the table with her white hands resting lightly on the edge, and seemed to search Gilbert's inmost soul with her marvelous eyes.

"But you would kill a serpent, wouldn't you?" she suddenly exclaimed.

"All serpents should be killed!"

"Good! I like that. It sounds well from the man from Nottingham. We will go reptile-hunting together."

"What?"

Gilbert was beginning to believe that the woman was mad.

"How long have you been in London?" the woman suddenly asked.

"Three weeks."

"And you still carry your head on your shoulders, I see."

"I have not tried to lose it," Gilbert laughed.

"I like you," said the woman. "Yes, we will go serpent-hunting together. You have heard of Lady Selkirk's disappearance?"

"It is the talk of London."

"Yes, every tongue gossips about it," was the reply. "Turn your back upon me for a moment, please."

Wondering what the woman meant, Gilbert faced about till commanded to resume his first position.

The woman with the hood no longer stood before him. Instead he was confronted by a person dressed in dark velvet, with slashed sleeves of the same, a hat with a feather set jauntily upon the head, and shoes laced with strong red laces.

"Now shall we hunt the serpent together?" was the exclamation that thrilled him in every fiber.

"That depends," answered Gilbert, when he had recovered his poise. "You come to me as a mystery. I know ye not."

"I am Jeanne Stafford, daughter of Lord Stafford, whose blood but lately reddened the block. I can gain access to the reptile's den. I am called mad, and that is all that prevented me from sharing the fate of my illustrious father. I want a fellow hunter. I want help to rid the world of the crowned reptile on the throne."

"Queen Mary?"

"Yes."

"But you have come to the wrong person for help," said Gilbert. "I have nothing against the Queen."

"All the world hates the crowned snake who married the Spanish wolf."

"But I——"

Before Gilbert had finished his sentence the hand of his visitor was at his arm, and he seemed to feel the fingers sink to the very bone.

"Oh, you are not going to escape me!" was the cry. "I did not seek you out tonight to miss my game. You are going to help me. First we strike the serpent thru her head plotter, Lord Stirling. He must die. It is easy to find him. I will lead the way."

"No!" answered Gilbert, resolutely. "I am not an assassin. I am going back to Nottingham to escape the wiles and wickedness of London."

"When I have done with you, you can go. Yes, when Jeanne Stafford has no further need of your rapier you can return to your love in Nottingham."

Montjoy felt that he stood in the presence of some strange power. The eyes before him glittered like a reptile's. A strange feeling took possession of him. He was falling into the hands of a mesmerist. He——

"Yes, you are going with me and tonight," he heard, and the compelling voice seemed to come from a distance. "I have you in the net of vengeance. We are going to strike Queen Mary thru my Lord Stirling."

Gilbert's resistance was fast failing him. He was no longer capable of holding back. There was a world of power in the midnight eyes that controlled him. He was lost.

"Come!" continued the woman. "It is time for us to strike the throned snake. We will find him in, and I know the way. Your hand fits your rapier well. It is a good hand, and there's strength behind it. Ah, now, we are off!"

The woman turned with the white-faced Montjoy at her heels. He was as potter's clay in her hands. Her dark face reminded him of some of the strange beings of India who have unlimited power over men. Go back he could not. He was as the bird in the fowler's snare, and at last he set his teeth and inwardly declaring that he would rid himself of the mad avenger, felt the breath of nocturnal London on his cheek; and they hurried away under the blazing cressets in search of adventure of which he had never dreamed.

CHAPTER VI.

IT WAS in vain, however, that Gilbert sought to break the mesmeric bonds which united him to this strange creature who had come so suddenly into his life. He knew nothing of Lord Stirling, towards whose abode they were hastening under the lights of London. He had not heard that this powerful friend of Queen Mary was a helpless paralytic, a man of past sixty, blessed only with sight and hearing, but deprived of the power of speech.

Sometimes he was carried in a sedan chair to the palace for consultation with the Queen; at other times Mary would come to him after nightfall, and within the walls of his house some of the greatest persecutions that ever befell England were plotted.

Obsessed with the idea that by striking Lord Stirling she could inflict a damaging blow to the Queen who had sent her father to the block, Jeanne Stafford thought of nothing else, and, gifted with her remarkable and uncanny powers, she had picked upon Gilbert to avenge the dead.

No one who was not of the Queen's side was admitted to Lord Stirling's house, usually known as Stirling Court, a lordly mansion surrounded by a grove of great trees which had witnessed some of the most important events in the history of the realm. It was guarded night and day, and the whole was always under the eye of Lord Stirling's chief attendant, one Khulah, a giant Bengalese, who had the eye of an eagle and the strength of Hercules. Khulah was seldom seen by the masses, with his white turban and his scimeter; he kept closely to his task, and it was believed that he never slept.

As Gilbert and his mistress passed a jeweler's shop, the former observed that the hour of midnight had come, and just then twelve sonorous strokes from one of the clocks near by confirmed the time.

"We are here at last," Gilbert heard Jeanne whisper, as she stopped at an iron gate which led into Stirling Court.

The man from Nottingham drew back, but some mysterious power stopped him and a hand clutched his wrist.

"You shall avenge the block this night," said the woman, with a look he never forgot. "This is the hour for the passing of the curse of London. What Heaven failed to accomplish you shall do. He is helpless."

The gate swung back at Jeanne's push and they found themselves within the forbidden grounds.

Gilbert noticed among the trees the outlines of Stirling House, with here and there lights in the many windows. He saw the walk which led to the building, and once more tried to retreat. But as well might he have tried to tear himself from iron shackles. He was completely in the hands of the woman who had brought him thither.

The grove of trees seemed strangely deserted. The giant oaks stood like sentinels everywhere, their great limbs interlacing, and about the feet of the couple were huddled the first fallen leaves of autumn.

The woman's hand was still at Gilbert's wrist, a grip of steel which no hand could loosen. Once Montjoy thought of his rapier, but as if divining his intentions, Jeanne turned and fixed her gaze upon him. Their faces almost touched.

"Save your legacy for the heart of London's ogre," said she. "This night we save a thousand lives from the fury of the Tudor serpent."

Montjoy's heart sank within him. To become a cold-blooded murderer was the last of his thoughts; to slay one who was helpless, incapable of defense, even tho that one was guilty of a thousand crimes, filled him with horror, but there was no escape.

The woman seemed to know the locality like a well-read book. Possibly she had been there aforetime and spied out the land, obsessed by her controlling desire; mayhap she had forced her way into Stirling House and seen the man in his chair as she hoped to find him at the hour she had chosen for his doom.

The front of the great house was partly in shadow, for the trees shut off some of the light from the cressets in the grove, and this discovery seemed to delight the avenger.

No living being was in sight. The front steps, guarded by marble lions couchant, seemed bare of guards. It was a propitious hour.

Gilbert and Jeanne climbed the steps together, his old will struggling to shake off the weird influence that held him in thrall, but, as usual, in vain.

At that moment he cursed himself for leaving the crags of Nottingham, where lay the light of love, for the perils and dangers of London. Why had he not let the heritage of steel rust in Captain Blunderblade's possession? Then there would have been no such infamy to which he was now chained like a soulless slave.

He could see Lucy Lallire in the bower above the bay; he could see her watching the little walk that led to the vine-covered place, and she was waiting for him. The gulls were flying overhead; he thought he heard their strange, plaintive calls for him, and here he was, guided to a crime at which he revolted by a mad woman.

Jeanne paused at the door which led into the vestibule of Stirling House. He saw her put forth her hand and swing the portal back. Why did it not warn the master of the place? Then he could tear himself from the chains of destiny, and plunging down the steps lose himself among the hiding-places of old London.

There was a faint light in the hall, from which a handsome stairway led till it lost itself seemingly far overhead.

"He is above us—and helpless," said Jeanne. "The Lord hath delivered the monster into our hands."

Once at the head of the stair the woman of vengeance started down a corridor and paused at a portal upon which were emblazoned the arms of the Stirlings. No watch was there. If Gilbert had known of Khulah's existence he would have wondered at the Bengalese's absence.

Seconds seemed to resolve themselves into hours. Gilbert knew there was a light in the room beyond the door, and felt that he would soon be in the presence of his victim. The door suddenly opened at Jeanne's command.

A flood of rich light burst upon them. Montjoy saw an apartment lofty and elegant, a large room filled with evidences of great wealth. A glance showed him the long curtains of Indian lace, the almost priceless relics from the tombs of Egypt's kings, the spoil of more than one battlefield; in short, a veritable Aladdin's palace. But he saw more than this.

In the middle of the chamber sat an old man at a marble table. He occupied a chair with silken paddings and massive arms of mahogany. His slippered feet rested on a cushion, his hands held a roll of parchment, and his face with its almost listless expression startled Gilbert.

Lord Stirling was staring at them with his deep-set eyes; the noble paralytic was surely helpless, and as he looked the papers dropped slowly from his withered hands.

"There he is!" said Jeanne, whirling upon Montjoy, with the flash of murder in her eyes. "There sits the curse of Merry England, the arch-plotter on the chair he never leaves."

With the last hissed word Jeanne sprang forward and thrust her face out till it seemed to touch the wondering man's.

"This is the hour of your doom, traitor to the people!" she went on. "This is your last night upon the earth you have befouled with your presence. Hell yawns for the serpent of unhappy England! I am the avenger of Lord Stafford, whom you and the royal Tudor sent innocent to the block. I am Jeanne Stafford, the only child of your victim!"

The stare in Lord Stirling's eyes grew deeper. Glued to his chair as it were, he could not move; his speechless tongue essayed to cry out, but long ago it had ceased its functions. He was at the mercy of Gilbert's rapier.

"Quick!" cried Jeanne, shoving Montjoy forward. "Quick, before the Bengalese tiger comes."

For the last time Gilbert strove to burst his terrible bonds. Jeanne pushed him almost upon the doomed man.

"Now!" she cried. "One good thrust and England will bless you till England is no more."

Montjoy felt strength tugging like a giant at his heartstrings. He was thinking of two things, the block and the cliffs of old Nottingham. At the same time his grip tightened on the hilt of the rapier, and he tried to answer his mistress, but no sound issued from his throat.

At that moment a door behind Lord Stirling's chair was flung wide and a giant in Indian costume sprang in like a jungle tiger. Jeanne uttered a cry and recoiled.

"Quick! Quick! Now or never!" pealed from her throat.

A thrill shot thru every fiber of Montjoy's frame. The spell was broken.

As Khulah rushed forward with uplifted scimeter, Montjoy seized the witch of London, and with all his strength threw her with impetuous force into his arms.

The giant, burdened with his unexpected gift, reeled away, and Gilbert, with a last look at Lord Stirling, sprang to the half-opened door and, tearing down the corridor, reached the staircase. A few mad bounds brought him to the bottom, and the outer portal, obeying his strength, opened to release him.

The light of the cressets was again in his face. It showed him the way to the iron gate, and in another minute he was fairly in the open.

"They'll comb London for me now," he said to himself. "The mesmeric witch will betray me; but, thank Heaven, my blade has no blood on its steel."

When he regained his lodgings he sank into a chair, still breathing hard over his adventure. Of one thing he was quite certain. The time was near at hand when the rapier must be tested; the adventure in Stirling Court would have a sequel, for he could not but admit to himself that the minions of Queen Mary would be on his trail, supplemented by Khulah, the Bengalese.

And once more, ere he closed his eyes in slumber, he thought of the girl waiting for him on the cliffs of Nottingham, and he wondered if they were destined to meet again.

CHAPTER VII.

THE night passed, and Gilbert awoke with the dawn of a new day. He had fallen into a deep slumber, and for a few moments he could not recall the startling adventures of the dark. The little room of the Red Robin again assumed shape, and he saw the rapier lying where he had thrown it across the table as he tottered across the floor.

He was safe yet. No one evidently had looked in upon him; Jeanne, the avenger, had either been slain by the Bengalese, or had refused to reveal his identity.

He went to the little window which looked out upon one of the smaller squares. There were no suspicious persons in sight. After all, he would have time to escape from London ere the Tudor bloodhounds came for him. The cliffs of Nottingham were calling for him.

Suddenly a figure came swaggering into the open place. Gilbert pulled the curtains together and drew back. The man was Captain Blunderblade!

The big fellow seemed to be in his cups, but Gilbert noticed that his feet were unusually steady for one who had been making a night of it among the alehouses. Perhaps Blunderblade was on the trail of lost Lady Selkirk, for Gilbert knew that the reward had tempted him to a remarkable degree.

He wanted to avoid this man. He had resolved to sever all connections with him, to repudiate the partnership they had formed, for to remain with him would only result in some fatality.

Captain Blunderblade stopped in the middle of the square and looked around. The sign of the inn was creaking in the breeze that had sprung up, and its doleful music was far from pleasant to the man in the little second-story room.

At last the giant in velvet seemed to make up his mind that he had reached the proper place. He made for the Red Robin with consummate satisfaction.

Gilbert did not have a long time to think. A meeting with Jack Blunderblade just at that time was most undesirable. He went over to his door and locked it. Not satisfied with this, he picked up his rapier and gripped it with the firmness of desperation.

There was soon a heavy footstep on the stair not far away. Gilbert was at the door, steel in hand.

A tread, which would at any time and anywhere identify its maker, came down the frowsy little corridor without. Jack Blunderblade had struck his trail. In less than a minute knuckles struck the door with emphasis, and a smile crossed Montjoy's face.

"Ho, my friend!" roared out the heavy voice of Blunderblade. "The sun is up, and there are sweet silvery ripples on Mother Thames."

There was no answer to this salutation.

"I've got a merry yarn to spin, boy. Last night I cleaned out the Queen's Bouquet and spoiled the finest collection of mugs in London. And got off without a scratch at that! They'll be looking for Jack Blunderblade by high noon, but by that time he'll be in eclipse and totally invisible."

Gilbert was at first constrained to answer the brawler, but he held his tongue.

"I'll see what will waken you!" cried the man outside, in a changed voice. "I haven't tried my shoulders in a fortnight, but they haven't forgotten their cunning."

There was no rush at the door, but with a creaking it swung inward, and Jack Blunderblade stood in the middle of the room, gazing at its young occupant, whose face was white with rage.

"You were not invited in here!" cried Gilbert, facing the fellow with glittering eyes. "Had I wanted to see you I would have opened the door."

"But I'm here. You gave me the slip the other night. I've got a clew to Lady Selkirk's whereabouts and——"

"I am not discussing Lady Eleanor just now!" fiercely interrupted Gilbert.

"No? Then lower your blade, for it gives me the creeps to have the point of it at my breast."

"Get out!" thundered Gilbert. "When I want to see you I'll call in Blackfriars. A man who will throw a woman into the river is not a fit companion for any one."

Captain Blunderblade showed his teeth like a maddened wolf.

"A pretty crime it was," Montjoy went on, not for a moment lowering his tone nor trying to conceal his disgust. "But the river was more merciful than your cowardly heart."

Jack Blunderblade changed color in an instant.

"What's that?" he growled. "Did the river really spare the wench?"

"Aye, that it did."

"And you?"

"I did the rest," smiled Gilbert. "Now that I know the secrets of two hearts it is my duty to hate the man who would have committed the foulest crime on earth."

"You shall pay for your accursed interference!" cried Blunderblade. "You shall more than reap the harvest you have sowed. And Jack Blunderblade will help you to the reaping."

"As you please," said Gilbert, derisively. "I would be alone and——"

"I go when I please," was the quick challenge, full of the speaker's wolfish nature. "In all London there is no man better than Jack Blunderblade, who sometimes amuses the Queen herself in the royal palace."

"When you should give the populace pleasure as the chief actor on Tyburn Hill."

The point of the rapier crept a little closer to the broad bosom of Captain Blunderblade. The big fellow turned purple and his eyes emitted fire.

"Go!" cried Gilbert. "I will have none of you, Jack Blunderblade. A fool was I to fall in with such as you."

"And a fool you'll be if you cut my acquaintance," was the hot retort.

"I cut it now, and defy the wretch who flung a poor wronged creature into the Thames."

Jack Blunderblade backed away. There was determination in the eyes that confronted him; he saw that the man from Nottingham was unawed by his powers, and presently shaking his fist in Gilbert's face he went down the hall tramping and snorting like a baffled Hun.

"It's war between us," thought Gilbert, as the heavy footfalls died away at last. "The man will take his revenge in some manner. He is not all bully. I will see his fangs if I remain in London. Lucy, you must wait for me. So far I have made but one real friend in Queen Mary's capital, and she is the poor creature whom I found washed up by the river."

Silence had settled over the little room. Gilbert stood in the middle of the place with the rapier still in his hand, for he had not loosened his grip since Captain Blunderblade's departure. When he moved he set the door in its place, for nothing but the lock had been broken, and then he went over to a chair.

A light footfall came down the narrow hall. A lighter but hurried knock assailed his ears. He pulled himself together and opened the door. A tiny youth stood there looking into his face.

"The master says if you would see one o' the sights of London go to the window," said the boy and disappeared.

Gilbert sprang across the room and pulled the curtain aside. A procession was filing across the little square. He saw a company of pikemen, their pikes shining in the rising sun. They were preceded by an officer on horseback and dressed in heavy black.

"My God!" rang from Gilbert's throat.

In the center of the line of glittering pikes he saw a woman walking with her hands bound behind her back, but with head erect as if defiant of the fate that awaited her.

"So soon?" cried Montjoy. "The Queen is swift to vengeance. Jeanne Stafford is on her way to Tower Hill!"

There was a fascination in the scene below which sent his blood like a fiery torrent thru every vein and drove his hand impulsively to the hilt of his rapier.

The mad daughter of the beheaded nobleman, but lately his companion, was marching to her death. Lord Stirling was merciless, and tho she had drawn him into a net of danger, he pitied the woman

(Continued on Page 23.)

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Or, The Bush Exile

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CHAPTER X.

THE WOOD RUNNERS.

MAC NEILL, checked in the moment of success, was obliged to make a decision. Madam Daignault had claimed that she was in possession of the packet, and as she was of greater strength than her daughter it seemed that she must have been the victor in the struggle for the papers.

She had but a few yards to go to reach the Red Wolf's quarters, so the Scot motioned imperiously to Enee Barbeau and started after her. She was running, and, himself adopting her gait, MacNeill pursued, while devoutly hoping he would not attract unfriendly attention.

The chase was short, for, as he was about to close in upon Rotah, she came face to face with Veitch. The pursuers stopped short, thankful for the protecting shadow of a warehouse.

Rotah fell to speaking with rapidity, while her hands and shoulders moved in eloquent French accompaniments. MacNeill could hear nothing, but the fact that no packet was delivered awakened grave suspicions.

Presently the Red Wolf's voice broke in loudly.

"I will attend to the young minx," he declared. "Bring her here."

"She may have left the fort," replied Madam Daignault, now raising her own voice. "As soon as she got the bundle she ran away——"

"No matter where she is, we'll run her down. So it was she who robbed my desk of the papers? She would carry them away, would she? Not while I live! You, there, Peter Gadbois, summon Thackley Haugh; yes, and Chenier, Debuc, Nantel and Guigne. Bid them come to me. Rotah, have no fears. We'll find your minx."

MacNeill waited no longer. If the papers were to be saved from Veitch's hands it must be done without delay. He drew Enee back out of sight of the factor and Rotah.

"I have made a mistake," he said, in low tones. "Julie, not her mother, has the packet I want. How are we to find her?"

"Search!" briefly replied the coureur.

"Where?"

"Has she great desire to keep that packet away from others here?"

"Yes."

"Then I don't think she is any longer in this fort. That girl has courage like a man, and to hide what she wanted hid she would go to the forest alone, even if she dropped from the palisades."

"A dangerous drop for a woman."

"One woods-bred would risk it. Wait, MacNeill! I will go to the gate, and if a man I can trust is on duty there I will see if Julie has passed out. Wait!"

He moved away, and the Scot ventured something and went thru the house where the Daignaults lived. Julie was not there, nor did he find her elsewhere when he searched. By that time Enee returned.

"Voila! I can tell you she has not gone by the gate, master. It was not possible for me to question, for Chenier was on guard, but Pierre Nantel came to him with a message, and I heard him declare nobody had gone out that way. She has dropped from the palisades."

"Let us hunt for her in the square before deciding on that. The matter exasperates me. I should have had you keep an eye on Julie when I pursued her mother——"

"Does that packet interest Gilchrist, and does Julie know it does?"

"Yes, to both questions."

"Then she will head for Fort Lanark straight as the hawk flies."

"In the night, and alone? And in the days afterward she will still have to meet the unbroken woods——"

"She is woods-born. Wait and see."

They made the search, failed to find her, and prepared for outside pursuit. Before then the Red Wolf's men were actively hunting in the fort, but after securing food MacNeill and Enee managed to drop from the palisades unseen.

They had gone but a few rods when ten men emerged from the gate, entered a boat at the lake and rowed away. Besides the Red Wolf, the watchers had recognized Haugh, Chenier and the brothers Gadbois.

"It must be they know she has gone by water," said MacNeill.

"Wait and I will bring you certain information."

Enee hurried away, but was back in ten minutes. He reported quickly.

"I have seen Henri Metayer, the herdsman, my old friend and your recent one. Nobody else sees as much at night. Voila! he has seen in this night, too. Julie has gone with Michael Daignault, her father. He has been secretly hanging around the fort, and she must have known it and planned accordingly. They took canoe and paddled swiftly up the lake."

"Up? That would take them to the wildest region near here."

"It was wise. Nobody would have expected that, but, unfortunately, Henri told one of Veitch's men before he saw me. Still, it is safest for them, for they will have many hiding-places."

"But the Red Wolf is already on their track."

"Ay, master."

MacNeill looked at the Red Wolf's receding boat and his heart was heavy. Julie had the papers so necessary to Gilchrist, but eight strong voyageurs were sending the factor in active pursuit.

"Would that I, too, had a boat!" he exclaimed.

"MacNeill, what do you want?"

"To overtake Julie before Veitch does."

"It shall be done. Look you, taking the lake and upper river as one, they lie like the curve of the new moon. I know where a canoe is hidden on the river. I've seen it within a week. By land it is five miles to there, but by water, twelve. If you are ready for a run thru the woods we can reach the canoe before Veitch gets there, and probably before Julie can make it. If we are there first—hein?"

"Good! Lead the way!" MacNeill exclaimed exultantly.

"Bien! Cast your coat away, for we must carry no useless burden. It will be a lively run—mais oui!"

Upper garments were flung aside without delay.

"Ready?" Enee asked quietly.

"Ready!"

"Come!"

The bushranger set his face away from the fort and broke into an easy lope which, as MacNeill knew, was amazingly deceptive as to speed, bringing the most of progress with the least of effort. That night the bush exile was thankful that he had learned something of that gait from Enee, and in having hardened his own muscles for over six weeks in the woods.

Light enough fell to prevent collision with obstacles, tho, in places, the shadows lay black and troublesome. Sometimes rocks and fallen trees impeded their advance, but this was presently offset by stretches where they could use their lope unchecked.

No breath was lost in useless words. MacNeill gave little heed to things by the way. In open and in tangle he looked at Enee Barbeau. Each minute made that expert of the woods a source of fresh wonder.

The bushranger's feet rose and fell with regularity when no obstacle intervened, and they sustained legs that seemed to be as pliant as whalebone and tireless as the forest trees. Lightly, gracefully and rhythmically he went his way, like a ghost of the far-places, but the dry twig that sometimes cracked under his feet and the leaved bush that switched as it was flung back from his shoulder knew him to be of the breed called man.

After a time he broke the silence.

"We are halfway," he said. "Eh bien, we will rest."

They flung themselves down by a cool spring and drank of its waters in moderation. The guide nodded at his pupil.

"You are doing well," he added.

"I'm glad," replied the Scot, hoping that the pounding of his heart was audible only to himself.

"Vraiment, we shall beat the watergoers."

"Good!"

Even in speech MacNeill was learning to imitate the courier when there was unusual need to preserve strength, and the need was there now, but, tireless as Enee was, he knew the limitations of one not bred to the trail, so he gave time for regaining steadiness of muscle and breath.

Presently they resumed their way, for time counted. To be a minute late at the river might be to lose everything. With no further pause they ran on, swift, still and stubborn, and the miles dropped back to the rear.

Hardy as MacNeill was, he began to tire fast, and it was a welcome announcement when Enee spoke again.

"The river!" he announced.

They ran out of cover and were at the water's edge. Just then a gun sounded and a hail of buckshot pattered between them.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RED STAIN.

ENEE BARBEAU was as prudent as he was fearless. The buckshot had barely ceased to fall when he flung himself down in the thin grass that lined the river bank. MacNeill followed his example, and they lay watching the dangerous quarter. Nothing came of it. A few reed birds, alarmed by the sound of the shot, slowly returned to their position across the stream, but there was no more firing and no sign of man.

The bushranger lifted his head, sharply scanning the opposite bank.

"Parbleu, it is strange!" he finally muttered.

"I have seen nobody. Have you?" the rover asked.

"Nobody. Still, guns do not prowl alone."

He crept a little back and looked at a tree that had received most of the shots. They had come nearly straight across the river, but all was quiet and signless there now. Enee stood erect, suspecting that the marksman was gone, and it was found that exposure was safe. No further shots fell where they stood, and the forest was again normal. Ignoring the late peril, both men looked down the stream.

"Nobody in sight," said Enee. "The

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Red Wolf apparently has not arrived."

"What of Michel Daignault and Julie?" MacNeill asked anxiously.

"I am not sure, but I feel confident they are not yet here. Both can paddle a canoe with skill, and Daignault was once very cunning at it, but he has lost his vitality by using too much drink, and Julie is not strong enough for so long, hard a race. Hotly pressed, both would tire. I don't think they have come."

"Then who fired on us?"

"Not they, depend upon it. We have no quarrel with them, and fugitives would be mad to betray their whereabouts like that."

"I am convinced. Well, what next for us?"

"To get my hidden canoe and paddle down the river to meet the other persons who go by night."

"Do you have canoes hidden all over the fur-land?" MacNeill asked.

"No, master," and Enee chuckled, "but this case is one by itself. One day as I walked in the woods I saw Jules Gadbois hide a canoe under the brush of the river bank. Now, Jules is a knave who does no good work, and I did not scruple to snub his nose unknown to him. I lay low, he didn't see me, and when he was gone I shifted his canoe a quarter of a mile. Unless a thief has since robbed this thief, it is there now."

"I wish we had guns."

"Frere, perhaps the saints will send us some."

They had been moving along the bank, and presently Enee delved among the brush. Almost at once he floated a canoe into full view.

"We have it, with paddles," he said quietly.

"And there are two guns in it!" cried the Scot, with great delight.

"Said I not that perhaps the saints would help us?"

"The guns were here when you hid the craft."

"Yes, and loaded. Remove the wrappings from the locks and you will find the powder dry. Yonder little parcel has extra ammunition, also dry. Notice how well it is covered with oil cloth. For all these things be grateful to Jules Gadbois' forethought—hein?"

Both men entered and Enee paddled downstream. Great care became necessary. If they saw the Daignaults they would meet them openly and demand Elias Gilchrist's papers, but, on the other hand, sight of the Red Wolf meant a dash to the cover of the bushes on the bank. If possible, discovery by him must be avoided.

Paddling with long, slow strokes, Enee kept his gaze fixed intently ahead. MacNeill, while not in love with his present work, found it far more to his taste than duplicity at Outland House. Being an accredited agent for Gilchrist, he was prepared to demand the chief factor's papers. Mechanically holding one of the guns, he sat idle and did his share of watching. With the sky fairly clear, a long view in midstream and dark shadows where trees overhung the bank, prospects seemed good.

A silence between them followed, broken only by the natural sounds of the night, the soft dip of the paddle and the barely audible breathing of the water at the bow, but as minutes passed without discoveries MacNeill grew restless. At last Enee lifted his paddle.

"Something is wrong," he said quietly.

"You mean—what?"

"Both boats should have been seen before now."

"What do you argue from that?"

"Not that they have passed, so some other explanation must be found. I think they have taken to the woods, or, more likely, to a branch stream. If hard pressed the Daignaults would seek the nearest cover, or fear of unseen pursuit may have led Michel to act that way, anyhow. Hiding-places are many."

"That does not explain why the Red Wolf has not appeared——"

"Parbleu, no! What shall we do? If we leave the river where are we to go? Tell me what course Michel took and we will go there."

MacNeill remained silent, feeling that it was no time for words from a novice.

Presently the bushranger dipped his paddle again and they moved on slowly, still saying nothing, tho the poise of Enee's head was that of one in deep thought. Then, suddenly, the head was turned to one side and the Scot, following the example, could see a dark object on the river, something that rose and fell suggestively. Enee abruptly changed their course, approached the object, and was soon by an empty canoe. He showed more than usual animation.

"Frere, will you lay hold and tow it after us?" he requested.

The Scot obeyed, and Enee paddled to the opposite bank. Finding a little cove that was partly screened from view and yet not deprived of light by treetops, he finally stopped and gazed critically at the new acquisition. Then he turned to his companion.

"Voila! 'tis the same bark in which I was told the Daignaults had left Outland House."

"But empty!"

"Yes. The Daignaults—where are they? They fled for their lives and this canoe was their hope. One does not desert a boat when danger presses and speed means escape from death."

"What is your theory?"

"Who can read the trackless water? Touch it with your hand. Then raise the hand. What mark is left? None, for water leaves no trail. Can we read a story in this canoe? To the eye in this dim light it is dry, yet, if it has upset and then righted there should be some water to show for it——"

Leaning forward he drew his hand along the bottom of the craft. With a little start he suddenly held the hand up to the better light.

"Hola, what is this? Wetness at one point, and one only. It has left a dark stain on my fingers, and the exact color—parbleu, it is red!"

"What has happened?" demanded MacNeill, keenly uneasy.

"Blood! Is it that of man or animal? Has Daignault slain game for food, or himself been slain by one who hates him?"

"Would Veitch go as far as that?"

"The Red Wolf did not like Michel," Enee replied, shrugging his shoulders. "If he overtook him tonight, and Daignault resisted—eh, what then?"

"Daignault seemed to me like a deserving man. Why should Veitch be so bitter against him?"

"Suppose you were a bear in the forest, and you took away a deer another bear had already run down, and suppose that bear came later for his own, would you receive him kindly?"

"How does that apply to Daignault and Veitch?"

"Short as was my time tonight with Henri Metayer, the herdsman, he told me what I had never before known in full. When Michel Daignault fell overmuch to strong drink, Rotah deserted him, and the Red Wolf took her to Outland House. Michel still loved her, but she turned her back on him and continued in Veitch's house. I think she has hoped to marry him some time, and perhaps he once had the same idea. He did not love Michel!"

Enee leaned forward, dipped his finger again in the red pool and significantly added two words:

"Now, this!"

"But Veitch wants to marry Marjorie Gilchrist."

"He has tired of Rotah, no doubt, but hate is longer-lived than most likings for woman. Having wronged Michel, the Wolf's hate would live."

"I see, I see! But Julie and the packet?" MacNeill exclaimed.

"We go to find them. I've been thinking while I talked. Voila, this canoe did not float down the main river, for I saw it come from a side-channel. Beyond that channel is a tract of land almost like an island, tho it is two miles long, and north of it is the lake the Indians call Strellhackie. The lake has two outlets, one being the channel. The other joins the river a mile below. I think Michel took that other way, but was overtaken on Strellhackie by Veitch. The canoe, empty, might float here as I saw it come."

MacNeill had heard in gloomy comprehension. If the Daignaults had been overtaken the red stain was ominous, and the fate of the chief factor's papers not to be misjudged. He caught at the one remaining hope. The fugitives might possibly have abandoned the canoe willingly, and without having met the Wolf. Slain game would cause a red pool.

"Get to Strellhackie without delay!" he directed tersely.

"We go, master!"

The bushranger knew that no boat had passed on the river during the talk, so bidding MacNeill retain hold of the second canoe, he paddled out of the cove and to the so-called channel. Then the direct journey to Strellhackie was begun.

The Scot was far from satisfied with the plan that was based wholly on possibilities, but he saw no other way. Altho Veitch might then be on his way home with the packet in his hands, the lake was not to be neglected. It was a choice between that and abandoning all efforts.

A rapid run was begun, the bushranger using the paddle forcefully but cautiously, but at the end of some minutes he paused, lifted his hand warningly and sat listening. MacNeill, too, caught sounds unusual to the night.

"We are near Strellhackie," said Enee, softly, "but something moves near by. We will wait. Stay! we may be seen here."

He forced the craft under overhanging bushes. Five minutes passed, the sounds came nearer, and finally a voice broke the lull sharply.

"I'm sure I heard a paddle. We will make a search."

It was the voice of Thackley Haugh.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CLUB MAN.

A STIR on the opposite side of the narrow stream drew nearer and reached the water's edge. MacNeill and Enee, motionless in the darkness, saw men halt across the way and seem to listen intently.

"I now hear nothing," the White Whelp finally growled.

"Who should be paddling here?" asked his companion, and the voice was that of Jules Gadbois

"I only know I thought I heard such sounds, but I was so much delayed in starting that the person may have gone on. Possibly a stray hunter, if anybody really was here. Enough! Back to hunt for Julie!"

"She is sharp enough to keep clear of us in this black woods."

"Veitch will be content with nothing less than finding her. The woods are black, but I think we have her surrounded. Pity we haven't MacNeill with us here, for I'll swear he would never get out alive."

"Right! I remember how he has beaten me with his villainous fist."

"He will do worse unless we can stop his prowling. Left to his chosen plan he will ruin us. The man must die!"

MacNeill overheard every word, but, keen as his interest was, he found time to wonder anew. Why was he so hated? Why had he been attacked at Kashaboiwe, and twice afterward? Why was he that mysterious something referred to, formerly, as "He is the man!" when he had neither desire nor power to harm anybody? He wondered if he was hearing the leader of the "Dread Dozen" now.

A heavy, roaring voice sounded in the distance.

"The factor bellows," Haugh added. "Back, Jules!"

"Come, MacNeill!" whispered Enee. "If they know about where Julie is, that is the place for us to be active. They did not mention Daignault. Poor Michel! I'm afraid harm has come to him."

"We will go," grimly replied the Scot. "If Thackley Haugh wants me in the woods with him he shall be accommodated."

Enee drove the canoes across the stream and hid them under the bushes. Then he looked upward.

"Wind is rising and clouds thicken in the sky," he murmured. "The woods will grow blacker, and rain is not far off. Come!"

Almost before the steps of their predecessors ceased to sound the pursuit was begun. Passing a fringe of alders and a belt of oaks, they entered a pine forest, where the thick tops of the giant trees shut out practically all light. Enee was not long in getting their leaders located, and, still following, they were unconsciously led near where the Red Wolf waited. His big voice roared angrily.

"No news? I didn't expect any, for I've never seen a man but myself who could do work properly. Still, this forest is as dark as I've ever seen it in my life, and some excuse must be admitted for you."

"We might run upon the girl and never see her," returned the White Whelp, in his smoothest tones.

"Not a bit of it!" thundered Veitch. "The man who gets near her and fails to see her shall get a broken back from me!"

Nobody replied. Even Thackley was too prudent to risk irritating the factor when he was in temper, for fair words were sure to fail of their purpose when anger was with him.

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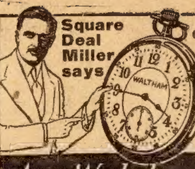

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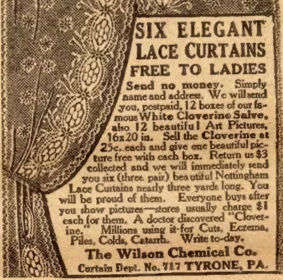

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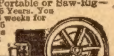

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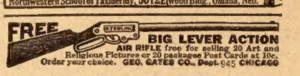

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sued. "Jules, Peter, Adolph. Debuc, Guigne—where are ye all?"

"Here, sir," was chorused by meek voices.

"Here! I should say you were here! All huddled together like a litter of blind pups! Fine chance you have to find Julie. Scatter!—get to work, and hunt with legs, eyes and brains. Go!—get out!'

Vociferous as he was, and violent as was his threat, his men had heard the like before and were hardened to it. Prudence, however, demanded obedience when he ordered, and now the men hurried away as expeditiously as he could wish.

"A noisy man!" whispered Enee, chuckling and touching MacNeill's arm, "but I'd rather endure his anger than that of the White Whelp. The smooth-toned Haugh knows no mercy. Frere, what do we do?"

"Go where they go, and try to snap their game from their hands if they find the girl. I am more cheerful, comrade. Since they haven't found Julie, they haven't found the parcel so many persons want. Lead on!"

They followed, aware that if one of the Red Wolf's men lingered by the way they might be seen, but trusting a good deal to the darkness and the pine needles that made silent stepping easy.

Presently a slight gleam of light ahead suggested a glade and they went that way. Its nearer side was nearly reached when a disturbance came and a hostile watcher cried out exultantly. His alert eyes had distinguished a fleeing figure. Then a person in female dress ran into the glade, and those who looked could not doubt her identity.

"She comes this way!" exclaimed Enee. "Wait here, for there is time. That knave chases her, but we are here, too."

"It surely is Julie!" the Scot answered, advancing his pistol. "We must separate a few rods and make sure of her," he added, hastening away.

She was light-footed and, for a time, seemed certain to outrun her pursuer, but tenacious vines that matted the low bushes laid hold upon her garments and impeded her progress. Her enemy cried out exultantly.

"I have you!" he exclaimed.

He reached out a detaining hand, but it grasped no drapery. In the instant of his triumph the unexpected happened. Up from the bushes rose a man who spoke a few words angrily, and while he was speaking he gave them an accompaniment.

Leaping forward he brought a club down on the pursuer's head, and tho the stroke felled the fellow, he added other blows with words that, perhaps, matched their vigor. By that time Julie had managed to free herself from the vines, and the man with the club caught hold of her arm and hurried her from the spot.

This was what Enee Barbeau had seen and heard, but there were good reasons why he did no more. Starting to the aid of the girl, the same long line of vines had entangled him, and tho he struggled hard he did not cast off the parasites until the girl and her rescuer had disappeared.

Adolph Chenier was the man who had felt the club. He struggled to his knees, shouting his wrath, and fighting the bushes in unreasoning temper, but the blows had fallen hard, and, when halfway up, his dizziness increased and he fell flat.

His allies began to gather, summoned by his outcries, while, on the opposite side of the glade, MacNeill came upon Enee again.

"Mille diables!" breathed the bushranger. "The vines have ruined all. So little, so full of mischief! Master, did you see Julie?"

"I went yonder to intercept her, but there was no opening to the glade. Julie! Is she really near?"

"She escaped them, and went that way. Come, let us overtake her. It is certain Veitch's men have not yet seen us. Now is our time to run her down and let her know friends are near. Come!"

He pulled at the Scot's arm, they moved away slowly until safety seemed assured, and then, breaking into a run, covered as much ground as possible under disadvantageous conditions.

Total failure was the result, for Julie was not seen nor heard. When defeat was admitted they halted, and Enee gnawed at one of his fingers with savage unconsciousness of the fact.

"Where can she have gone?" MacNeill asked slowly.

"The woods are wide."

"Yes, and she has evaded both ourselves and her enemies. I fear nothing more can be done until day breaks."

"Who was the man who used the club and then went with her?"

"Was it not her father? You know I didn't see him."

"No, no! 'Twas not Michel Daignault, nor a man like him. This fellow was big and queer-looking, and he cried out in words I could not understand. True, I was not very near, but he did not speak in French, and I think it was not English. Much like a bear he growled, and an ugly one at that. Parbleu, he must be crazy! He carried a club, and who but a madman would do that? A club when other men have guns! Yes, he is crazy."

"Are you sure it was not one of Veitch's men?"

"Yes. Poor Julie, who has her now?"

"She may have made another escape."

"From that man with the club? I wish I could think so, but—poor Julie!"

For some time the two associates kept near the Red Wolf's men, but when it seemed certain that failure was the lot of all, that night, MacNeill and Enee found a retired spot and lay down for a little sleep before day came. When they awakened night was going, but it was a dull, leaden dawn. Black clouds swarmed in the sky, and the wind had strengthened. A few drops of rain fell spitefully. After hurried eating they were ready for further efforts.

"Back to the glade and take up the trail," Enee advised.

"Will not the Red Wolf's men do the same thing?"

"The first at the spot will win."

"We will go! Set the pace."

"Let there be no mistake," said the bushranger, as he loped forward. "We risk something there. Veitch is anxious to find the girl, and he is too old a woodsman to sleep while others may be running. He will have his men astir, and we may meet them. If we do, what?"

"I want no fight with the Red Wolf, and don't think any will be forced upon us. Thackley Haugh hates me, but I expect only secret attack from him. Veitch will not permit anything hostile, for he thinks well of me, and I have not appeared as opposing him. But the White Whelp—well, I still think he would not molest me unless he can cover up his work."

The remaining distance was gone over quickly, and they neared the glade. Enee had advised all possible caution, and matters seemed to be progressing well, but a change came without warning.

Passing thru a thicket they found themselves facing Haugh and several of his men. There was a general halt, but while the White Whelp surveyed the Scot with icy calmness he spoke with prompt hostility.

"Sir," he said, "you have been gravely accused, and I demand your immediate surrender. Men, advance and seize him!"

This strange story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

The Baby.

Knicker—"Whom does the baby look like?"

Bocker—"He is neutral."

Not for Her.

"What have you there, my dear?" asked Mrs. Winton, as her husband deposited on the library table a bulky package the size of a soapbox.

"This, darling, is something I have wanted and you have needed for years," said Winton. "There was a salesman at the office selling them on the installment plan, and I bought two. When one wears out we'll have another."

"Tell me what it is or I'll die of inquisitiveness!"

"It is an unabridged dictionary! One of the finest volumes a man can have in his home! Look at it! Calf-bound, indexed, gilt-edged and weighing twenty pounds. Isn't that something to be proud of? Show me one of our friends that has a twenty-pound book in his library! They stock up on the six worst sellers and cheap literature as fast as it comes off the press, but if you look for a fine, imposing book like this you'll have another look coming."

"Why didn't you buy Pruyn Pinwheel's latest novel, 'The Romance of Muriel; or, Only a Show Girl'? It's full of illustrations by Bertie Washdrawing, and everybody is reading it."

"That's why! Everybody is reading it—today. Tomorrow they'll throw it behind the kitchen stove or beg the janitor to take it away and sell it with his waste paper. I've seen truck loads of old novels on the way to the junkman's, but I've never seen a dictionary among them. We shall study this dictionary together."

"Will I be able to talk more?"

"I don't say that I really desire you to talk any more, but I'd like to have your present output sound more classic and distinguished. This is the book that will do it for you. The salesman said to me: 'Mr. Winton, a man may learn the meaning and use of every word in this dictionary and be poor in purse, but he has the satisfaction of knowing he belongs to the aristocracy of brains.' The young man hit the nail on the head that time. Look at this! Here we have the word 'antiquarian.' Do you know what one is?"

"Certainly. An antiquarian is something to keep fish in."

"Wrong! You are thinking of 'aquarium.' An antiquarian is one who delves into the past."

"Mrs. Nox is one; she digs up every one's past."

"Tell me, what is a dinosaur?"

"It's a disease. Like appendicitis."

"Wrong again! A dinosaur is an extinct animal that lived in the mesozoic age. Now, can't you see how sadly deficient you are on everyday topics? If you don't get busy and study this dictionary I'll grow so superior to you mentally that we can't associate in the same circles."

"You don't have to come to our cotillon if you don't want to. Go chase your dinosaurs!"

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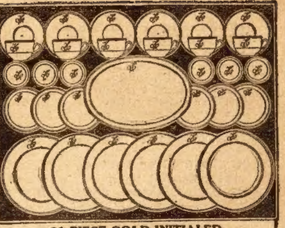

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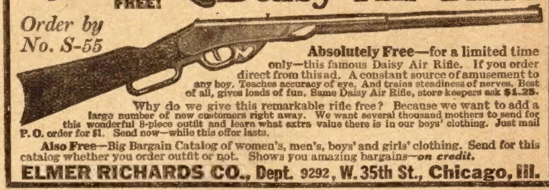

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Five Thousand in Gold

By Wilder Anthony

AS THE stage dropped into the creek bottom Garry rode out of the mesquite with his rifle leveled.

"Hands up!" he snapped sternly. And as he spoke I closed in from the rear and covered the passengers on the roof—five of them.

For a bit it looked like a fight. In the moonlight we could plainly see Tom Bannock, the driver, weighing his chances. He had a reputation for nerve and shooting ability, and it was plain that he hated to knuckle under; but he evidently decided that we meant business, for at a second sharp command he dropped the reins and his hands slowly went over his head. The passengers were already reaching toward the sky.

"Now," Garry directed curtly, "throw out that dust and be quick about it. We're in a hurry. No tricks, mind!"

Bannock grumbled an oath or two and stooped over to obey; Garry watching him like a hawk as he lowered his hands. He lifted the heavy sack and tumbled it on the ground, and he was reaching for his reins when there was a commotion in the dark depths of the coach.

"My God!" a woman's voice screamed out, "they're robbing us!"

The next minute, in spite of my gruff order to be still, a slight little figure, all bundled in a dust-coat, scrambled out into the road.

It's a question which of us was most surprised—Garry, the driver, or myself. For a second or two I think we all forgot what we were doing; then Garry recovered himself.

"Madam," he said, in his most polite manner, without taking his eyes off Bannock, who was showing distinct uneasiness, "I must ask you not to interfere. We don't rob ladies, and you are perfectly safe."

"But the gold—my son's gold," she cried, turning her face toward my partner. "You shan't touch it!"

Occupied as I was, I could see her only vaguely in the darkness, but I sensed that she was old and white-haired. Something, I don't know what, in her voice made me think of my own long dead mother, and the thought shook me clear down to my spurs. For an instant I nearly dropped my gun, but the sight of one of the passengers stealthily reaching for his revolver steadied me.

"Madam," Garry began again, and his voice was oddly soft, "your son does not——"

He never completed his sentence. Out of the tail of my eye I saw her stoop and pick up the canvas sack of dust—a big load for a woman like her—and stagger to the stage with it.

"There," she declared, as she pushed it inside, "it's safe now. You can go on, driver. They won't shoot me, and they can't get at that gold unless they do."

Bannock chuckled grimly. "It sure looks like the joke was on you, gents," he remarked facetiously, spitting onto the rump of the off wheeler.

"Don't be too sure about that," Garry cut in crisply. "We'll play our hands as long as we hold the cards, my friend. I won't shoot a woman, Bannock; but I will shoot you if that sack of dust is not back in the road mighty soon. Get the point?"

Bannock evidently did, for his grin faded in a second. Garry's idea was a winner. The woman, naturally, would give up the gold to avoid bloodshed; but if she balked—well, the driver stood to lose either way.

"Give it up to 'em," Bannock growled, looking over his shoulder at the little lady. "Give it up before they murder me, ma'am."

"They'd never do it!" she exclaimed, with a scornful look at us. "It's too cowardly!"

"Don't you believe it. Give 'em the stuff, I say," Bannock pleaded. He'd been in a similar predicament more than once before and he was nervy enough to be scared, altho I knew that Garry was only bluffing. "Hand it over, d'you hear?"

"Very well, then," she assented, after a little pause, "I will. Human life is worth more than gold, even if my boy——"

Choking back something very much like a sob, she reached into the inner darkness of the coach, fumbled about for what—I remembered this afterward—seemed a pretty long time, found the sack and laid it on the ground. Then, after one withering glance at us, she climbed into her seat.

"You can go, Bannock," Garry directed. "We have no further need of you tonight."

Sitting motionless on our horses, we watched the stage out of sight beyond the hill. Then Garry swung down from his saddle and picked up the bag. The next instant he straightened up and began to laugh softly.

"What's the joke?" I demanded, thinking his senses had suddenly left him.

"Oh, nothing," he answered, when he could speak, "nothing, that is, worth mentioning. The little woman beat us at our own game, that's all. The sack's empty. She must have spilled the dust somewhere inside the coach while she was fussing around that time, and stuffed the sack with this to make it look full." He held up a crumpled wad of paper.

* * *

Cures.

"Last night," said Boggins, "a man ran out of a dark alley and grabbed me by the neck and said: 'Kill 'em! That's what I say! Kill 'em!' While I was giving the fellow the jiu jitsu I saw he was Squeers, the insane asylum graduate, and I knew that he was harmless. But I certainly had a fright before I realized that he had been cured.

"Science is a blessing nowadays. All they need do to an imbecile now is to open his head and tie a knot in his brain and he is all right—cured! But let me tell you I sure would have thought that man crazy if I hadn't happened to know that he had been cured. The doctor who performed the operation himself assured me that it was a great success.

"Science has liberated a lot of men who would otherwise be penned up, not only insane, but criminals. Many a poor fellow has had his name cleared by science. There is Squaggles. He had some kind of kleptomania or something the matter with him and was stealing all the time. He went to a world-renowned surgeon, who cut out something or bored a hole somewhere and now Squaggles is cured.

"It's a great help for Squaggles. Just the other day they missed a lot of chickens over at the little grocery store near the Squaggles place, and Squaggles was arrested because there were a lot of feathers on his clothes and somebody heard a lot of cackling at Squaggles' house the night of the theft. Besides, a restaurant man identified Squaggles as the man who sold him the birds. It certainly looked bad for Squaggles for a while, and he was in a fair way to be accused of having taken the chickens. But he proved that he had been operated upon and the surgeons said that he could not have been guilty because he was cured. The operation was a success.

"And then there's Old Man Piggins. He had an awful pain in the head for years and finally he went to a doctor, who told him that he had headakitis and that the only thing to be done was to operate. It had to be removed.

"Piggins went to the hospital for a year or so and they injected ink into his head every day during that time and then cut out a piece of his head. He was then cured. He died of pain in the head later, but it wasn't headakitis, certainly. The doctors relieved him of that all right. A surgical operation for headakitis is invariably successful. The patients have the satisfaction of dying of something else, thus frustrating the headakitis."

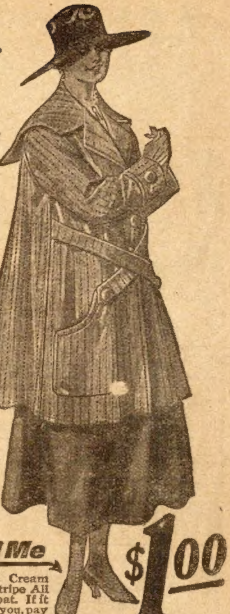
* * *

Didn't Blame Them.

"And did you have a good crossing?" asked the friend of the adventurous lady who had just returned from France.

"Oh, a most terrible crossing, terrible. The most awful storm I've ever been in. Yet I wasn't a bit afraid. The other passengers were in a panic running all over the boat, till at last the captain, who had heard that I was a singer, asked me to sing to them and quiet them, and I did. And all the time I was singing the heavy seas were running."

"I don't blame 'em!" growled her father. "I don't blame those heavy seas a bit."



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HIS HOME TOWN

By Hapsburg Liebe

TWO kinds of humanity commonly carry strings in their pockets—old men and boys. Mr. Charles Haven Lesley's search thru his pockets for a string was futile. He swore mildly, an oath which meant nothing, which is exactly what most oaths mean. He had just caught a fish, a fine goggle-eyed perch, and he didn't know what to do with it, having forgotten his creel. After a moment's deliberation, he threw it back to the lake; he told himself, by way of consolation, that there would be about four thousand more fish in those waters because of his sacrifice—provided, of course, the fish was of a particular sex.

"Back in my home State," he said to his wife, who sat fishing from the other end of the boat, "there would always be a willow fork convenient. Fish are better when you carry 'em home on a willow fork, too. I wish we were there, where——"

His wife interrupted smilingly, but a little sarcastically: "Where the green fields are dotted with buttercups and daisies, and the speckled trout leaps in the sparkling pools, and society has no classes, but is like one big and happy family—where you love everybody and everybody loves you, and the milk of human kindness flows eternally sweet!"

She went on laughingly: "I've heard you say that so much, Charles, that I know it by heart. I'm dying to see your beloved State! I'm sorry you don't like this, my home State, so well."

"Look here, Harriet," suddenly blurted Lesley—"what do you say to going to my home town to live? I was—er, looked down upon a little when I was a boy back there; but then I was poor and now I'm wealthy, and my work has made me known over half of the civilized world, and I'm sure they'd welcome us. Er. Harriet, my dear, you fish like a preacher—precisely like a preacher!"

"How like a preacher?"

"Why, you don't fish a minute in the same place," with a wink at her, "and you wear a tie sniptiously tied, and you're afraid to get your feet wet, and you rock the boat. What do you say to going to my home town to live? Look! You're getting a bite!"

"I'd like very well to go to your home town to live, it must be so much like Heaven," sweetly said Mrs. Lesley. "It's only my minnow wiggling. But we've paid a month in advance here at The Jasmines—your line's caught on your reel-handle—hadn't we better stay that out?"

Lesley sniffed. "What do we care for the price of a month's board? Now my line's free. We've got plenty of money. We——"

"Look, Charles!"

Z-z-z-z-z! went his reel. He jerked wildly and missed. "Wind your line, my dear," he said to his wife. "We're leaving tomorrow for good old Johnsboro."

So they gathered together their belongings, took their only child—a sweet little flapper named Elizabeth, who had read 'most all the fairy stories in the world—and went in grand style to Lesley's home State, where the fields were green and dotted with buttercups and daisies, and the speckled trout leaped in the sparkling pools, and society had no classes, but was like one big family; where everybody loved everybody, and the milk of human kindness flowed eternally sweet.

They set themselves up in a big house with green blinds, on a crooked avenue paved with asphalt and lined with old maples, out-of-date automobiles, and poky street cars. It was in the best community. Elizabeth was a good, quiet child, and they kept neither chickens nor a dog, and they neither practiced music nor quarreled; in no way were they annoying to their neighbors. They dressed in the latest and most expensive clothing that money would buy, and they had servants that were superb. They took no sides in church matters, and Lesley never grew hot about politics. Still, nobody came to see them. When they had been in Johnsboro five weeks, nobody had come to see them—except bill collectors.

"I've been wondering, Charles," observed Mrs. Lesley, one quiet afternoon in early September, while they were sitting on the veranda, "if somebody hasn't dammed up that human kindness milk stream you used to talk so much about."

Lesley was reading rumors of wars. "I wouldn't swear uselessly, Harriet," he replied absent-mindedly. "I see that the Turks—oh, yes, give 'em time, Harriet. They'll call on us soon. They don't want to bother us before we're properly set up, you know."

"They haven't forgotten those boyish misdeeds of yours," went on Mrs. Lesley, wisely, "and—you came from a poor family, you know."

"A poor family!" snorted Lesley, crumpling his paper. "My father came here a comparatively rich man. He wasn't poor until this acorn-fed aristocracy fleeced him and made him poor! You've got me going, Harriet. I'm mad now. I'm awful mad. I'll show 'em! I'll fix 'em! Devilish grammar, isn't it? I mean, of course, that I'll get even with this town for snubbing us as they've done. Watch me, Harriet!"

"May a lone man fight a city?" softly inquired his wife.

"Sure," said Lesley, "if he's got brains enough he can devastate it. For instance, he could dump a barrel or so of cyanide of potassium into the water supply——"

"Horrible thought!" Mrs. Lesley threw up her hands. "Horrible!"

"Or run amuck!"

"You mean take two pistols——"

"And get on a fine, big black horse, and ride up and down the main streets and shoot people," said Lesley, laughing.

The iron gate clanged against one of its stone posts. The flapper Elizabeth was coming home from school. She ascended the veranda steps slowly. Something was wrong, or she would have been laughing. Lesley rose and went to meet her.

"What's the matter, Pennywinkle?"

Pennywinkle didn't answer. She crossed the veranda, threw her books to the floor, and hid her face against her mother's shoulder, sobbing brokenheartedly.

"Now, now, Pennywinkle!" chided Lesley, softly. "Tell us what's the matter!"

Elizabeth turned toward him her tear-stained face. "Billy Perrin, the mean thing—he said—said right before the whole school—'Elizabeth Lesley, your father and mother is trash!'"

"Tr-r-rash!" repeated Lesley, and then his teeth clicked together like a steel trap. He continued, "Billy Perrin, whose father owes everybody in town and won't pay anything he owes—Billy Perrin says your father and mother are trash! Now, now—Harriet, dear, wait! I'm not fool enough to be incensed at a child. The child has but spoken that which he has heard his elders say."

"I wouldn't cry," cooed Mrs. Lesley to her baby. "It isn't so, of course."

"And he—he said," went on Pennywinkle, "that my father p-p-picked up coal along the railroad when he was a boy, and s-s-sold it for two cents a b-b-basketful—and he said if that wasn't tra-trashy, what is! You didn't do it, did you papa?"

Charles Haven Lesley, the great writer of dialect stories of the Southland, went to his knees there on the veranda. Behind the mist of tears in his eyes there shone a terrible light. He gathered his baby into his arms, and stroked her sun-bright hair.

"Listen, little Pennywinkle," he said, holding his voice steady with a great effort. "If your mamma was sick in bed, and your papa couldn't make any money because the heart had been taken out of him, and it was in the cold, cold winter time, and there was nothing to eat in the house—wouldn't you go down to the tracks and pick up coal that had been lost off the coal cars and sell it? Wouldn't you do that for your papa and your mamma, little Pennywinkle?"

"Yes, I would do it," said the flapper.

"With the bottoms of your feet out, so that you left your tracks in blood on the snow?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Even if it were looked upon as trashy?"

"Oh, yes, even then!"

"That's what your papa did, Pennywinkle. He left his tracks in blood, in the snow, and he would do it again if he had to. And Billy Perrin's father bought that coal from me at two cents a basketful—that coal that my poor little half-frozen fingers dug out of the snow—and once he cheated me out of eight cents! Now do you think Billy has any right to talk?"

"No, he hasn't any right to talk," declared Pennywinkle, with the spirit of her father. "And tomorrow—tomorrow I'll pull his hair and scratch him!"

"Not, that," objected Lesley. "You mustn't pull his hair, and you mustn't scratch him. Must she, mamma?"

"No, dear," smiled Harriet Lesley. "Tell Sally to give you something to eat, Elizabeth. And forget all about Billy Perrin."

Elizabeth went toward the dining-room.

"Charles," said Mrs. Lesley, "if Billy's

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father doesn't whip Billy, you are going to whip Billy's father."

"You have spoken well, Harriet, sweet woman!" exclaimed Lesley. "Even if John Perrin is seven years older than I. Truly, my wife, a prophet is without honor in his own country! We'll go back to your home State as soon as I can lay a plague on this town. A plague, a curse. Yes, I'm going to lay a curse on this town of acorn-fatted aristocrats. It'll take months to do it, and we won't be ready to leave before the first of the year."

Then Mr. Charles Haven Lesley went to John Perrin and demanded that he correct his son for his son's insolence, and when John Perrin refused flatly to do so, Mr. Charles Haven Lesley promptly thrashed him as he had never been thrashed before, went to police headquarters and calmly paid his fine. It was money well spent, he said.

Time went on. The Lesleys suffered because of their complete ostracism, but they bore it like Trojans. For the sake of her own peace of mind, the little girl was taken out of school. For three months Lesley slept in the daytime, because he was out more than half of each night; he was secretly working to bring about the plague he had sworn he would lay on his home town. It was altogether an unique idea he had, that of devastating a city without breaking a hair in any person's head, without drawing a single drop of blood. And he carried it out perfectly. There was never the least shred of proof against him.

They went back to Mrs. Lesley's home State in December, and, as before, they lived at The Jasmines. The winter months passed, and Lesley again grew fond of fishing where the goggle-eyed perch simply ate up his line, they were so hungry.

Mrs. Lesley sat reading an item in an upcountry newspaper with exceeding interest. The item said that every one of the fine old maples in a certain little city named Johnsboro, which depended on its shade trees for three-fourths of its attraction, had mysteriously died! Three or four small holes had been found in the base of each tree, the item said; it was supposedly the work of some strange beetle.

"Sodium chloride!" laughed Mrs. Lesley. She rose and started down to the hotel's veranda to show the paper to her husband. Lesley had on his fishing clothes, and he sat with his back to her, and he was talking to a drummer.

"——I'd forgotten my creel again," Lesley was saying to his much interested listeners, "and I didn't have a string anywhere on me. And while I was thinking about it, the line on my new steel casting-rod ran out so fast that it made the reel smoke! I dropped the fish I'd just caught to the bottom of the boat, and grabbed up the casting-rod. Z-z-zip-zoo-zoo-oo-oo! went my reel. Took out every blessed inch of forty yards of line! Then I stopped the reel and hooked him, and brought him in—and he ran under the boat and broke away! Darn a darned old boat to fish in! Or, rather, out of. Now, you don't have to fish out of a boat up in my home State!"

Mr. Charles Haven Lesley rose and went on like an orator, with feeling, with his voice laden with homesickness and longing: "You don't have to fish out of a boat in my home State, where the green fields are dotted with buttercups and daisies, and the speckled trout leap in the sparkling pools, and society has no classes, but is like one big and happy family; where you love everybody and everybody loves you, and the milk of human kindness flows eternally sweet!"

* * *

Vital Point.

A beautiful young lady interviewed a fortune teller on the usual subjects

"Lady," said the clairvoyant, "you will visit foreign lands and the courts of Kings and Queens. You will conquer all rivals and marry the man of your choice. He will be tall and dark, and aristocratic-looking."

"And young?" interrupted the lady.

"Yes, and very rich."

The beautiful lady grasped the fortune teller's hands and pressed them hard.

"Thank you," she said. "Now tell me one thing more. How shall I get rid of my present husband?"

* * *

Easy Money.

A certain house in a Western town improved so greatly in comfort and appearance that a visitor shrewdly surmised that the son of the house, a lazy good-for-nothing, had turned over a new leaf. He inquired about it.

"Yes, sir, my son's got a job now," said the smiling old mother. "Gets good money, too. All he has to do is to go twice a day to the circus and put his head in the lion's mouth. The rest of his time he has to himself."

* * *

Fair Deal.

The joys, as well as the burdens, of life are pretty evenly divided between the sexes after all, and probably a little girl derives as much innocent pleasure from being a flower girl at a wedding as a little boy does from going to school with a live garter snake in his trousers pocket.

CALLED BACK.

"She's smothering a grin," declared the fluffy-haired blonde, as young Mrs. Allison prodded half a dozen hairpins into place and looked absent-minded.

The indicted one awoke instantly as the fluffy-haired blonde pointed a finger at her accusingly. "Let it come out, Celeste," counseled the accuser. "Let it overspread and irradiate your youthful physiognomy. You know an eminent authority tells us that an amiable smile will more than counterbalance the worst complexion in the world——"

"Well, of all things!" gasped young Mrs. Allison, indignantly. "Who ever said my complex——"

"Certainly not!" interposed the fluffy-haired blonde, suavely. "How you do jump to conclusions, dear! I was about to add that if a lovely smile would do so much for a homely woman it would transform you into a veritable dream of delight."

Young Mrs. Allison sniffed doubtfully.

"So surely," added the fluffy-haired blonde, "you'll tell us all about it."

There was a pause.

"It was over at Mother Allison's yesterday afternoon," said Celeste, finally, mollified by the earnest attention accorded her. "They are going to have a dinner party tonight and my sister-in-law and I were going over the silver to choose the articles that would be needed, so that we might have them polished. We had the silver all spread out on the dining-room table when the bell rang and the maid announced the piano tuner.

"Clara looked at me blankly. 'Who ordered a piano tuner, anyway?' she demanded, as if he were a barrel of flour or ice cream from the caterer's. 'I know mother intends to have some music, but she didn't say anything about having the piano tuned. She must have phoned for the tuner this morning while I was out. Well, tell him to come in and go to tuning,' she added, resignedly. 'But they do make such a horrid noise!'

"So Clara and I went into the kitchen and made the mayonnaise and tomato jelly for the party, and all the while we could hear the tuner dingdonging on the piano in the music room. After that we heard a snatch of Chopin and a few bars of Debussy, then silence. Marie came in presently to say that the tuner was gone, adding that he had inquired the house number of the Bradleys, in the next block, where he had an appointment for five o'clock.

"Well, it wasn't three minutes before we missed the spoons! They were Great-grandmother Allison's silver spoons, and had been on the dining-room table when Clara and I went into the kitchen. Moreover, they are to Mother Allison as the apple of her eye. Clara and I gazed at each other in silent dismay.

"'That piano tuner, of course,' groaned Clara, incoherently.

"She choked on a sudden thought, apparently, and scurried out to the telephone. I heard her call wildly for some number and, after getting it, she gave a short message in a repressed voice. Then she hung up the receiver.

"At that very moment Mother Allison walked in, smiling cheerfully.

"'Mother,' cried Clara, 'did you order a piano tuner?'

"'Why, yes,' said Mother Allison, pulling off her gloves calmly. 'I hoped he'd be here now. I heard only yesterday that my old friend Caroline Higgins had a son who wasn't succeeding in the real estate business, and so, being musical, had taken up piano tuning. I thought this was a good opportunity to encourage him in the profession, so I had your father look him up—why, what's the matter?' she inquired suddenly, looking at Clara and me with anxiety.

"'We—ah—the spoons were gone,' gasped Clara, 'and we thought, of course—he had told Marie he was going to the Bradleys next, so I just telephoned a message for him to come back at once. I thought he wouldn't dare——'

"She was interrupted by the doorbell and the unfortunate piano tuner walked in, looking surprised. He was very good-looking, too. At that same instant I happened to glance thru the door into the kitchen and saw the unconscious Marie polishing away at the missing spoons.

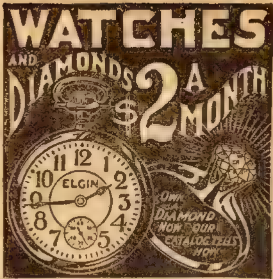
"Mother Allison is a woman of social tact and sound moral principle combined, and I noticed that even in her bewildered condition she managed to stick to the truth.

"'So sorry not to get back while you were here,' she was saying, 'but the girls happened to remember where you were going next. I hope you'll forgive my taking half an hour of your time to ask all about your family. And let me introduce you to my daughter Clara and my son's wife, Celeste. Girls, will you tell Marie to bring some tea?'"

* * *

Widow's Weeds

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, discussing the divorce evil, said in Philadelphia: "Love is the best foundation for marriage, of course. But common sense keeps it cool—and cool things, of course, keep the best. But selfishness kills all—and some married people are as selfish as the woman to whom the palmist said: 'These lines, alas, tell me that you are destined to wear widow's weeds.' 'Oh, dear me!' said the lady. 'For how long?'"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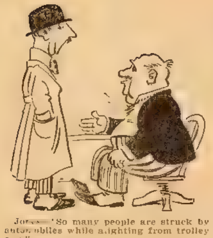


Jones—"So many people are struck by automobiles while alighting from trolley cars."

Trolley Official—"Well, yes, but those people have paid their fares; it's this running over people who are waiting to get on that gets our goat!"

Tit for Tat.

The young couple were dawdling over a late breakfast after a night at an ultra smart party.

"Was it you I kissed in the conservatory last night?" hubby inquired.

She looked at him reminiscently: "About what time was it?"

THE HOUSE.

A wise man built himself a house
  All happiness to win.
It had no door, so poverty
  Could never enter in

And then to guard against mischance
  Beyond a shade of doubt
It had no window, so that love
  Could not go flying out.

But after it was built and done
  He found his woes begin
It had no window, so that love
  Could not come winging in

And bringing greater trouble still
  Upon the luckless lout
It had no door, so poverty
  Could not go marching out

Willing to Please.

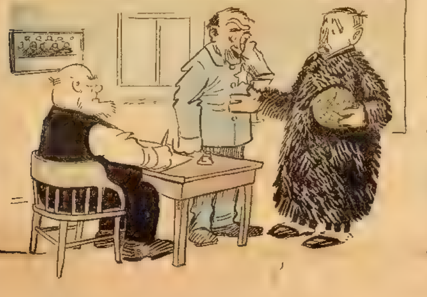
A certain college president wore side-whiskers. Whenever he suggested removing them, there was a division of opinion in the family. One morning he entered his wife's dressing-room, razor in hand, with his right cheek shaved smooth.

"How do you like it, my dear?" he asked. "If you think it looks well, I will shave the other side, too."

Didn't Want One.

Nurse—"Wouldn't you like to go to heaven, Bobbie, and wear a nice gold crown?"

Bobbie—"Not if the dentist is going to put it on."



Country Justice—"The constable says you were speeding."

Motorist—"Listen, judge, I was on my way to Podunk to get my mother-in-law, her cat, parrot, goldfish——"

Justice—"Discharged! You wasn't speeding."

Cautious.

"You seem to be rather busy."

"Yes. I'm writing a love letter. I've been working on it for more than an hour."

"Why take such pains?"

"I want to feel sure that if this letter is ever read in court it won't make me look like a fool."

That Didn't Help Much.

"I want a pair of pants for my sick husband," exclaimed the woman.

"What size?" asked the clerk.

"I don't know, but I think he wears a 14½ collar."

One Irritation Spared Him.

"George Washington used to get very impatient and even indignant."

"Yes," replied the man who was looking at the telephone directory, "I suppose he had his troubles, even if he did live at a time when nobody was in a position to tell him the line was busy."

His Objection.

"I dress expensively. Do you think you could do as well for me in that respect as father does?"

"Perhaps so," said the young man. "Still, I shouldn't like to go around looking as shabby as he does."

Figuratively Speaking.

Dr. Wiley tells the following story: Sleepily, after a night off, a certain interne hastened to his hospital ward. The first patient was a stout old Irishman.

"How goes it?" he inquired.

"Faith, it'sh me breathin', doctor. I can't get me breath at all, at all."

"Why, your pulse is normal. Let me examine the lung-action," replied the doctor, kneeling beside the cot and laying his head on the ample chest.

"Now, let's hear you talk," he continued, closing his eyes and listening.

"What'll Oi be sayin', doctor?"

"Oh, say anything. Count one, two, three and up," murmured the interne, drowsily.

"Wan, two, three, four, five, six," began the patient. When the young doctor with a start opened his eyes, he was counting huskily: "Tin hundred an' sixty-nine, tin hundred an' sivinty, tin hundred an' sivinty-wan."

Not the Same.

Booth Tarkington, congratulated on his vivid and poetical portrayals of colored characters, told a story at a dinner in New York.

"An old colored man," he said, "went to the polls one day to register.

"'What's your name, uncle?' the clerk asked.

"'Mah name am George Washin'ton, sah,' the old fellow answered.

"'George Washin'ton, eh?' said the clerk. 'Well, George, are you the fellow that cut down the cherry tree?'

"'No, sah,' said the old man. 'No, sah, I ain't. I ain't done no work at all, sah, fo nigh onter free years.'"

Told Her the Truth.

Two friends were talking over the good fortune of a mutual acquaintance who had succeeded in gaining the hand of a rich girl.

"I didn't think Edward had it in him," said one friend. "It must have taken a lot of diplomacy on his part to win out in that venture."

"Oh, I don't know," said the other. "As a matter of fact, I happen to know that he told her the simple truth."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, he told her he couldn't live without her."

Hard to Understand.

Little Henry (5 years old) saw a large picture of George Washington for the first time in his life.

"Mamma, who's that?" he asked.

"That's George Washington, Henry."

"Who's he, mamma?"

"He was a man who always told the truth—to his teacher, to his papa and his mamma, he never told a lie."

"What was the matter wiv him?" queried Henry, in wide-eyed amazement. "Couldn't he talk?"

In Need of One.

"I say Jorkins, why don't you go to the front?"

"I'm not interested. Why should I go to the front?"

"They say they are making new faces for folks over there."

In These Warlike Times.

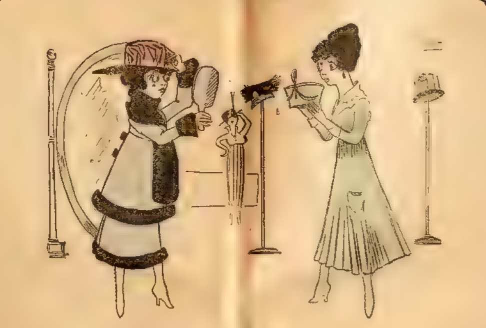
"And what have you to say?" asked the judge of the man indicted on four charges of bigamy.

"I suppose Cupid must have shot at me with a machine gun," said the prisoner.

Looks the Part.

"Monkeys have a great deal of curiosity."

"I take it the camel is something of a rubberneck, too."



Mrs. Instile—"I don't want that hat! Nobody wears anything like that now!"
The Milliner—"Here's a charming little toque!"
Mrs. Instile—"Take it away! Everybody has one like that!"

WALL PAPER.

Oh, the paper! Oh, the paper!
  Oh, the paper on the wall!
It should be the proper caper
  Not to have the stuff at all.
In the shop with great elation,
And a sense of admiration,
You sit down for contemplation
  Of the patterns large and small.
Then the colors as they mingle,
Seem to jangle and to jingle,
Grays and greens and browns and blues
Till you don't know what to use
And the geometric lines
Made of dainty little vines,
And the roses brown or blue,
Such as never, never grew—
How they wriggle!
How they jiggle
  Till they seem endowed with life
And you fancy that they giggle
  At your state of mental strife,
While the salesman statuesquely
Stands and turns them picturesquely
Till they mingle all grotesquely
  With their oddities so rife!
Take me hence! Oh, turn my paces
  To some spot of bliss supreme,
Where you don't see funny faces
  In the decorative scheme.
Take me hence, oh, shade of Dante,
  Ere I tumble with a thud,
To some distant one-room shanty,
  Where the walls are strictly mud!

In Darkest Alabama.

"Say, Alabama is a dry State, isn't it?"

"Sure."

"Why, my dear, when I was there I saw several negroes who were intoxicated."

"Well, of course, they can't stop the sale of that awful cotton gin entirely."

Not Biased.

The Recruiting Official—"One gran'father living? Is he on your father's or mother's side?"

The Recruit—"Oh, 'e varies, sir; 'e sticks up for both on 'em—a sort o' nootral."

No One Left.

Magistrate—"This man was a stranger to you! Then why did you pick a quarrel with him?"

Kelly—"All my friends is away on their holidays."

A Substitute.

"Nothing can ever take your place," cooed the bride.

"Nothing, dear?"

"That is, perhaps, except adequate alimony."

He Knew It.

Wife (bitterly)—"When you married me you didn't marry a cook!"

Husband—"Well, you needn't rub it in."

Exactly.

"What is the first step to take when you want to give a big blowout?"

"Raise the wind."

Posted.

"Now, Bobbie, didn't your conscience tell you that you had done wrong?"

"No'm. I knew it already."

NEW DEAL.

I'd dearly love to live afar
On Jupiter or some big star,
Where every day lasts quite a week—
Existence there is so unique.

Consider how in that far land
I could hold Arabella's hand
And sit in heavenly delight
From Monday morn till Wednesday night!

I'd bid her good night at the door
Till Thursday morn—say three or four—
And then go home and get some sleep,
Till Monday morn I'd slumber deep!

A year up there would be fourteen
Of ours, for years like that I'm keen.
Thus we could live—as must be clear—
Fourteen times longer than down here!

But hold! A thought now gives me pause.
According to these very laws
(My years would better not be told)
My sweetheart would be 2 years old!

I'd have to wait till she grew up—
'Twould fill with bitterness my cup.
I think our time it's scarcely worth
To move—we'll stick to Mother Earth!

She Caught Them.

In the drawing-room a mixed company was discussing the always interesting topic of the differences between the masculine and feminine attitude towards life.

"Ya'as, y'know," the unfledged sub. remarked. "It all comes down to this, women are always interested in how they look. All women, even advanced women, are vain."

"Yes," agreed the sweet young flapper, "I suppose you're right. Vanity is our chief failing. You'll always find that women are jealous of one another's beauty, and—— Oh, by the way, you won't mind my mentioning it, but the best-looking man in the room has got his tie over his collar and up his neck."

And the hand of every man in the room went to his collar!

Disrespectful.

Flossie, just fresh from college and taking a course in natural history, had been presented by mother with a new silk blouse.

She held it out before her, admiring and fondling it, and murmuring at intervals.

"How beautiful! How lovely! How just too awfully sweet!"

"I am glad you like it, dear," said mamma.

"Oh, I do! And isn't it wonderful to think, mamma, that this exquisite creation of silk is all obtained from a mere, insignificant worm? I've been reading of——"

"Flossie," interrupted her mother sternly, "is there any reason why you should speak so disrespectful of your father?"

Unexpected.

The teacher had told the pupils the story of Washington and his little hatchet and had then shown them an engraving which depicted two small boys standing in a repentant attitude, "explaining things to mother." The title of the picture was "The Truthtellers" and the children were asked to write a composition thereon. This was little Johnnie's effort:

"One day mother left me in the house all alone. Pretty soon Tommy Jones came along and said let's go swimming. My mother won't let me. Ah, come on. So I went. When mother came back she said what makes your hair so wet. I said mother I cannot tell a lie I went swimming. And she said Johnnie I'm glad you took a bath."

Archie's Neck.

Little Willie—[illegible] is always the central figure [illegible] always named Little Willie—came running into the house [illegible] excited.

"Mommer," he panted, "do you know Archie Sloan's [illegible]?"

"Do I know what [illegible]," his mother.

"Do you know Archie Sloan's neck?" repeated her offspring.

"I know Archie Sloan," answered the puzzled parent, "so I suppose I must know his neck. Why?"

"Well," said Willie, "he just now fell into the back-water up to it."

His Number.

Teacher—"I'm surprised at you, Sammy Wicks, that you cannot tell me when Christopher Columbus discovered America! What does the chapter heading of the week's lesson read?"

Sammy—"'Columbus—1492.'"

Teacher—"Well, isn't that plain enough? Did you never see it before?"

Sammy—"Yes'm, yes'm, but I always thought it was his telephone number."

All Welcome.

Sunday School Teacher—"Children do you know the house that is open to all—to the poor, the rich, the sad, the happy, to man and to woman, to young and to old—do you know the house I mean?"

Small Boy—"Yes, miss—the station house."

A Narrow Escape.

"Did you see my sunburst last night?" inquired the pompous Mrs. Newrich of her poorer neighbor.

"No, I didn't," said the neighbor, caustically; "but I certainly thought he would if he ate another bite."

The Crisis Over.

Excited Lady—"Why don't you interfere to stop that dog fight?"

Bystander—"I was just a-goin' to, mum, but you kin calm y'r fears now. My dog is on top at last, mum."

HUMAN FORTITUDE.

There never was a man who tried
  To run a little corner shop
Who hadn't friends who hurt his pride
  And told him that he ought to stop
They tell him that his stock is poor
  And they suspect he's out to rob
It surely is no sinecure—
  Yet some one always wants the job

There never was a man who sought
  To manage the affairs of state
And help to lead the world in thought
  Who did not meet the selfsame fate
Sometimes he meets a martyr's doom,
  Sometimes he's laughed at by the mob,
His state is often one of gloom—
  Yet some one always wants the job

No Change in Shylock.

An old woman who lived in the country recently visited some friends in the city. During her stay she was taken to see "The Merchant of Venice," a play she had witnessed more than thirty years before, and which she had always had a strong desire to see again. Calling next day, a friend asked her how the previous night's performance compared with that of thirty years ago.

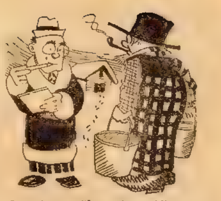
"Well," she replied, "Venice seems to have smartened up a bit, but that Shylock is the same mean, grasping creature that he used to be."

Keeping Them Out.

"Guess the neighbors' chickens won't bother my garden next spring."

"What are you going to raise?"

"Cactus, Spanish bayonet and prickly pear."



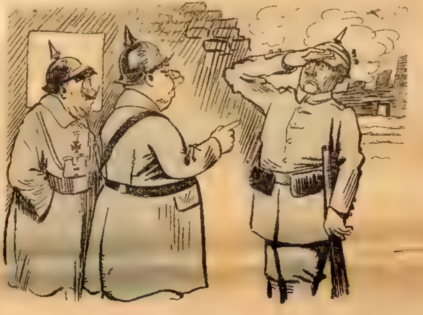
Investigator—"Does this public service corporation give you farmers entire satisfaction?"

Farmer—"Wall, no, they don't. When they kill a $10 cow or hog they usually comes across with twenty, but they are too all-fired careful about a-killing of 'em."

Willing to Serve.

The Woman—"But if you're too old for the army you ought to be at munition work or something. There's work for everybody who looks for it."

The Confirmed Slacker—"I'm waitin' fer a Gov'nment job now, lady—'oldin' the ladders fer the blokes wot'll clean the paint off the street lamps when peace is declared."



"We made an attack in solid formation. I am the sole survivor of the company."

"Return to the attack at once, and this time advance in skirmish formation!"

A Good Guesser.

"What on earth are two Zepps on a cloud?" she asked. "That's the order I've just taken from the last soldier to come in, and I won't tell him to translate." Whereupon she proudly served him with two sausages and a poached egg.

Perfectly Plain.

"Why do you dislike your teacher so, Willie?"

"I don't exactly dislike her, but it's perfectly plain to me why she never got married."

Kith and Kin.

Father—"What did you and John talk about last night, dear?"

Daughter—"Oh, we talked about our kith and kin."

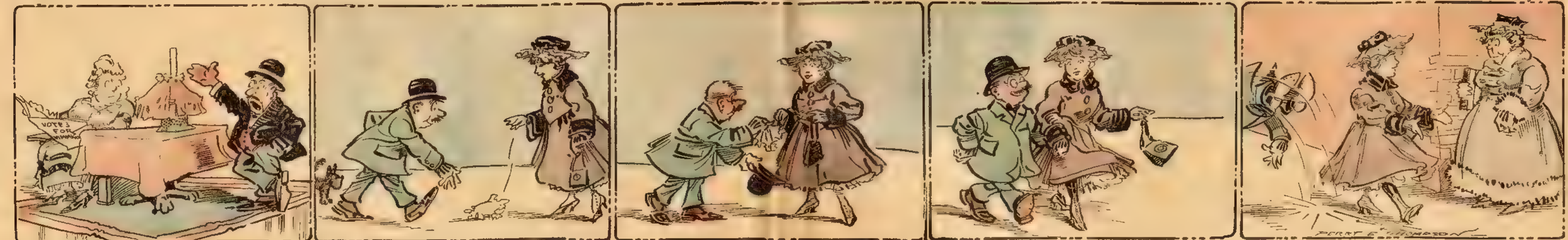
Small Brother—"Yeth, pop, I heard 'em. He seth, 'Kin I hev a kith?' and she seth, 'Yith, you kin!'"

Go Slow.

"A wise man may change his opinion."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "But it's like changing a twenty-dollar bill. If you're careless about it you finish with nothing worth mentioning."

MR. BATT'S WATERLOO



Mr. Batt—"Once for all, madam, let it be understood that I am opposed to any extension, propagation, ratification, fumigation or palpitation of the suffragette forces of the United States!"

Mr. Batt—"M-m-m—Ah-h-h—you have dropped your handkerchief, miss! Grant me the pleasure of recovering it for you!"

"Do you mind if I accompany you?"
Miss Dimple—"I will be delighted to have you come. I am going over to the club and would be glad to interest you in our work—"

"Our president is just a lovely woman. Really, you must meet her, and I am sure you will give us your support."
Mr. Batt—"You just bet I will!"

Miss Dimple—"Oh, joy! Here she is now! Mrs. Batt, this gentleman is going to help us in our suffragette club work."
Mr. Batt—"GOOD NIGHT!"

COWBOY PERILS

Or, The Girl He Won

By Frederic Knowles

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE TRAP.

GRIMES dismounted anxiously. "I'm afraid you are right, Miss Parkman. This is indeed a calamity!"

"Poor Pedro!" said the girl, forgetting herself for the moment. "Does it hurt him much?"

"Not to any great extent, I should say. He will be all right before long. But in the meantime——" He paused and looked at her.

Miss Parkman started. A glance about and she went pale; it was already growing dusk.

"What shall we do?" she asked anxiously.

"The pony could not stand the homeward trip," he told her. "There is my horse, but you could never ride him, and besides, I would not allow you to make the trip alone. Miss Parkman, there is only one thing to be done."

He watched her face keenly.

"And that is——" she suggested.

"To go to the Bar 7 for another horse. It will not take long; we have only to cross the hill; a little more than a mile and we are there. In half an hour we can be on the road."

"I shall wait for you here," said the girl. "Do not be longer, please, than is absolutely necessary."

"But no," he told her, "I cannot do that. Leave you here alone? Miss Parkman, I should be a brute."

She hesitated a moment under the other's eyes.

"Very well," she said, "I trust you. Let us go."

"I thank you," he returned simply, and they turned slowly up the road in the deepening twilight.

Grimes walked, leading his horse, and with a helping hand on the pinto's bridle. Neither spoke as they climbed the hill, and so they came presently, in this fashion, to the Bar 7, and the gate below the corrals. Grimes opened the gate and swung it back. Afterward, the little schoolma'am remembered that he had fastened it open before they went on.

A big corral with a smaller one beyond, and then they crossed a little creek on a log bridge that rumbled under the horses' feet. And then, rounding some sheds and a blacksmith-shop, they came to the ranch-house, a long building with wide eaves, and the log walls showing curiously white in the half-light.

"You must wait here," he said kindly, and helped her dismount. "I will have a fire here in a moment, and then go for a horse. They are in the corrals beyond the stable," and he pointed at the dim group of buildings ahead.

The girl protested. "I can help you," she said, "I would prefer it."

"You!" he said reproachfully. "Refuse my hospitality the only time I shall probably be able to offer it to you? Miss Parkman, I am competent to catch a horse in a corral single-handed. Will you come in?" He opened the door. "Or perhaps you would prefer to wait till I have a fire and a lamp. Excuse me," and he had gone while she stood nervously on the step.

She heard him moving about in the darkness of the interior, and the sound of a match being struck, and then the flare of a light. Soon afterward came the sound of wood crackling, and he appeared at the door. She followed him into a little hall, which in turn came to a large, low room with a big fireplace at the end already bright with snapping flames. The girl felt, with a sense of wonderment, soft rugs under her feet, and saw the beautiful outlines of massive furniture. Skins decorated the walls, and several magnificent heads looked down at intervals. In a corner stood a case of books, while the large lamp with its soft shade threw subdued light over the whole.

"You may wait here; it is the best I have to offer," he said, with no tone in his voice but kindness. "I shall be gone no longer than is necessary."

The girl heard him close the door to the hall, and then the one outside, and the faint echo of hoofs as he rode away. Mechanically she sank into one of the heavily padded chairs. The fire was roaring in a moment, and the warmth, after the chill wind of evening, was delicious. She threw back her coat and put her little boots closer to the blaze. Under her the chair gave luxuriously, and she sank back. She realized that she was very tired. Somewhere in the room a little clock ticked musically, and after a few moments faintly chimed seven. Thru the half-drawn curtains of the windows to the west she saw the sky faintly pearl, that final color before the dark. She stirred; it seemed Grimes had been gone a long time.

A faint rumble startled her, a rumble that grew suddenly into a roar. From the window she watched the ponies go racing by like the wind, with Grimes hopelessly in the rear. When the roar had become a rumble again, and the rumble a faint murmur that presently died away to nothing, she staggered back to the big chair and dropped into it, disheartened. After what seemed a long time she heard him coming, and then the sound of the ring on the hitching-post rattling against its staple as he tied his mount. He opened the door. The girl did not turn, but sat quietly with her hands buried deep in the pocket of her riding jacket.

"I'm sorry," he said slowly. "You saw? I should have known better than to go among them with a tired horse, and I left the gate open——"

He regarded her with narrowed eyes as he hesitated. It was then that the girl knew he lied.

Perhaps he saw the look come over her face, perhaps he sensed her sudden disbelief. At any rate, he lowered his eyes and moved toward the fire, where he stood silently watching the flames.

"You can get no horse tonight?" she demanded.

He shook his head.

"Then," she said slowly, "I shall walk."

"What?" he cried, turning. "Walk twenty miles; that is impossible."

"Twenty miles is impossible," she retorted, "but it is not so far."

He nodded grimly.

"Then you lied!" she said scornfully.

He bowed. "You know why." The three words were an admission, and an atonement, and a statement of something else, but the meaning of each was too plain to be mistaken.

"But, you had no right——" she cried nervously.

He smiled, and she knew he was thinking of Lee and the Indian girl.

"No right," she repeated. "What am I to do?"

"That is very apparent," he told her.

"What do you mean?"

"Do nothing."

"I cannot stay here."

"You most assuredly cannot go elsewhere." He was growing calm.

"If I do?" she demanded.

"That is impossible."

"And if I stay——" Her eyes were very wide.

"People will talk, Miss Parkman. I have a reputation, you know. Don't you see? There will be only one way out for you. Married to you, I can defend you. Otherwise——" He made a gesture and turned away.

"But the pony!" she cried. "Pedro went lame—that cannot be denied. You will tell them that?"

"Ah!" he said slowly, without looking at her. "Even that hope is denied you, Miss Parkman. It was a trick."

"Cur!" she cried, and then paused.

"For many years," he finished grimly, "but that does not keep you from me. I love you."

Tears welled in her eyes, but she forced them back.

"Why did you do this?" she half sobbed. "You—you——"

"It was the only way I could hope to win," he said slowly, and took a step forward. "You can believe me or not, but I swear——"

"Stop!" she said tensely, and the revolver gleamed in her hand, the little barrel like silver in the firelight. Her eyes were very wide still, but the man sensed the danger in them and halted.

"Ah," said Grimes softly, "I was afraid of that! And so you feared me always! I know now you are a good woman."

She was silent, and sat quietly with the little weapon trained at his broad chest. He stood quietly with his arms folded and his eyes on her tense face. When he spoke his voice had changed somewhat, more stern perhaps, and with a note of determined purpose in it.

"You cannot get away," he began. "It will be very cold tonight; you would freeze on the hills. Do you understand? There is no place but this——"

He paused; a sudden change came over his face. The girl sprang to her feet, sensing a new peril, and then gave a glad little cry. Against the darkness of the open door stood Harpel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOHN GRIMES.

FOR a tense instant there was no word spoken. Grimes, after the first moment, had grown calm again. The girl, with the realization of deliverance upon her, swayed against the wall. Harpel took half a dozen steps into the room.

"And so you are again the villain," he said grimly.

"Fatality," returned Grimes, evenly, "has saved you, Miss Parkman."

"You are a thoro scoundrel!" cried Harpel. "What excuse have you to offer?"

"None, but I would do it again."

"And I believe you," said Harpel, with no hint of sarcasm. "John Grimes, it is not your fault that I am not dead. Tonight you tricked Miss Parkman into coming here; it is but a culmination of your many crimes. By Heaven, it shall be your last! There is no room on earth for such as you; in five minutes I shall most assuredly kill you."

Without taking his eyes from the other, Harpel opened his watch and laid it on the table.

Grimes went slightly pale at that, and turned half-round.

"Harpel," he said slowly, "I believe you will do as you say, and yet I cannot think I am the one to die. If I had wished that, I could have taken advantage of an opportunity presented to me this evening. Something held me back then, and I feel its protection now. When the five minutes have passed you will find you do not possess the nerve to shoot me. When you entered it would have been easy; now you cannot. You know that?"

Harpel was silent.

"Some men might," Grimes went on, "but not you. You do not have the murderer's face, Harpel. I am certain of what I say."

"You are right," cried Harpel, desperately, "but that will not keep me from killing you if you make a move."

"True, but if I do not make the move?"

"I shall tie you up and notify the proper authorities. You shall settle for your rascality."

"Notify them of what?" asked Grimes, easily. "You have no proof."

"You enticed Miss Parkman here."

"That was thru an accident; her horse went lame."

"A trick pony," cried Harpel, desperately. "I heard you discussing it with another——"

"You saw me?"

"I heard you," said Harpel, and instantly regretted the confession.

"Voices are not evidence," said Grimes. "Your evidence is chaff."

"I must do something!" cried the tall

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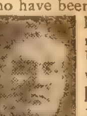

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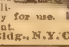

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cowboy. "To allow you to go would be a greater crime than to kill you."

"You would shoot me down in cold blood?" Grimes elevated his eyebrows with a sneer. "That is such a trick as you credit to me."

"Nevertheless, I must do something. There is only one way."

"And you will not use that," said Grimes, slowly. "Harpel, you cannot stand there and dictate what is right or wrong. Things are as we see them. I was desperate. This seemed the only way, and I took it. I am unarmed; throw away your pistol and give me a chance for my life."

Both men seemed for the instant to have forgotten the existence of the girl, and she crouched unnoticed in the corner. The pistol fell limply from her hand and thudded on the floor. She closed her eyes.

"I have not the right to risk the decision with you," said Harpel. "You are not fair. You have nothing to lose while I have everything. Miss Parkman's safety depends on me. I cannot."

"Coward!" cried Grimes.

"Silence!" cried the tall cowboy, nervously. "I shall fire if you move. I shall not be tricked. Stay where you are!"

"Miss Parkman," began the other, with the old note in his voice.

Harpel saw the danger and threw his weapon in line with the other's eyes. "You will not appeal to her!" he cried. "For at a sign from her I am undone. Mr. Grimes, you have ninety seconds in which to live."

"And so you will murder me?" returned the other, his face white. "A chance for my life, Harpel. I might have that!"

Harpel's face was gray and haggard: he spoke without turning.

"Miss Parkman, will you go to the lower gate? My horse is tied there, and he will carry you home. When you are safely started, fire your revolver as a signal."

There was no reply. At the infinite risk of his life, Harpel gave one quick glance toward her. She had fainted.

"You see, Grimes!" he cried. "I cannot do as you ask. I must protect her, at all costs. You have twenty seconds left you."

Grimes gave one long, penetrating glance toward the other. Harpel's face was like marble, pale beneath the tan, but set with the mask of indomitable purpose. The master of the Bar 7 gave one step forward.

"Harpel," he cried, with a shaking voice, "my desire to live is as great as yours, and your right to kill is no right! 'Vengeance is mine,' you know. My disobedience does not make it right for you to do this thing. You cannot kill me, because you will live afterward. Memory, Harpel, is a terrible thing, and you will never forget what I have told you in this hour. What are you going to do?"

"You are right, villain!" cried Harpel, furiously. "I cannot. You are a scoundrel of the deepest dye; a murderer and a cur. I would give all my future for a moment's desperate courage, but that is not allowed me. This trigger is to me immovable; if I had only killed you before I spoke—while you stood there before the fire! Let you go, I dare not. I should have to answer to humanity; but nevertheless, you must have a chance for your life," and he threw his pistol into the corner.

The other's face had become as pale as death.

"Fool!" he cried. "Fool!" and leaped back a pace.

The play of his hand to the concealed holster under his arm was like a flash of light. Stunned, Harpel saw the weapon gleam in the firelight, and closed his eyes. There was a sudden deafening report, and a gleam that penetrated his eyelids, but he felt no bullet shock. Something fell heavily, and dully Harpel opened his eyes. He saw Grimes lying face downward with a great hole in his temple, and as tho from a great distance, he noticed Harry Childs crawling thru the window with a rifle.

CHAPTER XIX.

MORNING

"YOU!" cried Harpel, grasping the table, weakly. "I reckon it is always you, Harry." And he dropped into a chair rather limply.

Childs paused above the still form.

"I guess that's all from him," he said slowly. "He had lots of nerve—much as any I ever seen, I believe. I was afraid you'd do what you did, Fred, and had a bead on him from the first."

"You heard it all?" asked the tall cowboy.

"I was hid behind the blacksmith shop when you went in, and slipped over here pronto so I wouldn't miss anything. I wouldn't 'a' horned in, Fred, but I knew he was awful crooked, and I got afraid. How's the girl?"

"The girl!" cried the other, and ran over to her.

"A little too much excitement for one day," said Childs. "Let's get her out of here before she comes to. You carry her, and I'll get the lamp. The livin'-room is beyond the hall; we can go there."

They spread a blanket on the big couch, and Childs built a roaring fire in the heating stove.

"Leave the girl alone," he counseled, "an' she will be around presently. It was just the fear and the excitement and her bein' plumb tired. I reckon she is pretty nervy just the same."

"Nervy," echoed Harpel. "I reckon! What shall we do now, Harry?"

Childs consulted his watch. "Nine o'clock nearly," he said. "The girl ain't in no shape to go home tonight, and besides there's no horses."

"One of us could stay here?" suggested Harpel.

"She don't want any twenty miles' ride this evenin'," returned the other. "We can leave her here and camp in the kitchen. You know I'm powerful hungry? Well, I am. You watch her, and I'll go rustle a bite."

Harpel drew his chair closer and put his chin in his hands wearily. And so this was the end. The shock of the recent tragedy still fresh upon him, and the thought of how nearly everything had failed, gripped his very soul. Even at the moment he was glad it had not been his hand that laid Grimes low. With something of awe, he remembered that his friend had been almost casual. In the kitchen he heard him moving about and swearing whimsically because he could not find things. He wondered if the short cowboy felt heavily the responsibility of a taken life upon him. Harpel started: thru the door he heard Childs singing softly in the carefree voice of a man who has just had a great weight lifted from his soul.

Presently the girl opened her eyes and saw the tall cowboy watching her from his chair.

"Somehow, I thought you would come," she told him, her voice almost a whisper. "Where is he?"

Harpel understood. "He won't bother you any more, Julia," he said slowly.

"Dead?" Her eyes were very wide.

"Yes, Julia."

"I was afraid you would listen to him," she whispered. "He was so relentlessly clever. I never suspected till after the horses got away. I remembered he had fastened the gate back. He thought I wouldn't notice. And so you killed him, Fred."

He told her the story as briefly as possible. She lay silent for a little after he had finished.

"You wondered why I went with him to the Butte?" she asked presently. "It was because I knew he meant to kill you, and I thought—" She paused and began again. "That night after—after you tried to warn me of him, I was sitting by the open window. There are vines that conceal the porch, you know, and Grimes and Tom were outside—they never thought of me. They talked, and I heard of your homestead and the coal, and everything. Tom was telling Grimes that he had tried to kill you that afternoon, and again when you went back. But he has poor eyes, you know, and he missed. Grimes was cursing him for it."

"Young Williams?" cried Harpel, "And so it was he? Why?"

"Grimes had some power over him, and then he wished to profit, also. If you were killed, Tom was to jump your land. And then Tom was jealous, you see, and that made him bitter, too. Of course I didn't know all this at first, only little by little. And then the dance. I had promised Tom to go before I learned of this other. To refuse then would make him more furious and desperate. It suddenly occurred to me that I might learn more from him, and—well, he told me. I—I said I hated you, Fred, and he told me. After that I was afraid, but I managed the note. You see, I couldn't speak; they would suspect. Today I went with Grimes for the same reason, but I couldn't find the courage to hint at him, somehow. Fred, I believe he knew all the time!"

"Then your danger was very great," Harpel told her.

"How true! In the evening, up there on the Butte, he led me so close to the brink—I think it was only a kindly mood that saved me then." She shuddered. "He was a very strange man."

"He was a very thoro scoundrel," said Harpel, bitterly.

"For a moment I saw his real self," the girl defended gently. "I—I couldn't think so hard of him after that, even tho I feared him. You see I would have been safe but for the money."

"How was that? What money?"

"Tom snooped, and learned that I was—well, not what I seem—that I was rich. He told Grimes," she said, a trifle bitterly.

"Rich!" cried Harpel. "You!"

She nodded. "Didn't I play the poor little schoolteacher well? It was such fun, at first, and no one suspected. Every one at home said I should never think of such a thing, that there would be a great deal of notoriety about my doing that. So I came out here. A surveyor I know got me the place, and I came. I always thought it would be delightful—this realization of a cherished idea. Wasn't it perfectly idiotic all the way thru? It would have been perfectly lovely if Tom hadn't read one of my letters. They were ever writing to me."

"And who are 'they'?" asked Harpel, faintly.

"My guardians; they thought it was perfectly terrible." She laughed softly. "And then Grimes learned about my money. He hoped to get the coal mine, but he needed capital to develop it, and the Bar 7 was in desperate straits: I was the logical source—see?"

"I see," said Harpel, slowly.

"What are you so downhearted about, Fred? I should think you would be glad I didn't have to work all my life."

"I am glad—for your sake," he told

(Continued on Page 17.)

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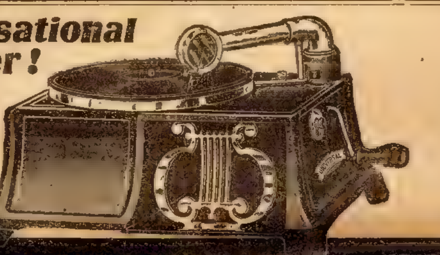

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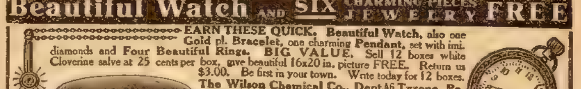

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ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD. If this is not the greatest money-making house-to-house proposition. N R G Laundry Tablet washes clothes in 10 minutes, without rubbing. Contains no lime, lye, paraffin wax or other injurious chemical, and cannot possibly injure the clothes or hands. Nothing like it on the market. Positively the wonder of the age—sells for 15c, enough for 5 family washings. We supply free samples and guarantee the sale of every package you buy. Just leave the free sample with the housewife, and when you call again she is eagerly awaiting to become your steady customer. Secure territorial rights at once, or you will regret it. A 1c postal brings sample and full particulars. Farquhar-Moon Mfg. Co., Desk E-29[illegible], 140 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

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GET DAVIS' LATEST PROPOSITION. $15.00 daily a cinch. No matter how often you have answered my advertisements in last 20 years, get my 1917 "Prosperity Offer." E. M. Davis, Dept. 609, 900 Lake, Chicago.

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AGENTS CAN DOUBLE THEIR MONEY ON a three dollar world beating patented specialty. Every man and most women are prospects. Apply immediately to Manufacturer, 967 Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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STOP SLAVING, SILVER MIRRORS, PLATE tableware, home. Sure income. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Ind.

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CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS OPEN the way to good Government positions. I can coach you by mail at small cost. Full particulars free to any American citizen of eighteen or over. Write today for Booklet C. E. 1034. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

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TRUSTWORTHY WOMEN MAKE MONEY in spare time introducing Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Underwear, Dresses, among friends. Beautiful samples furnished. Fitzcharles Company, Department 155, Trenton, New Jersey.

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SEND US YOUR IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, Stories, etc. We accept them in any form—correct free—sell on commission. Big rewards! Make money. Get details now. Writer's Selling Service, 10 Main, Auburn, N. Y.

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID. EXperience unnecessary; details free to new writers. Producers League, 400, St. Louis.

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WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; REmember we cure chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

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MARRY IF LONELY; HUNDREDS RICH wish marriage; confidential; reliable; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

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CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions, write; Booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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REAL PHOTOS, CHARMING BEAUTIES, fascinating poses. Send dime for large sample and catalog. B. W. Shaw, 44 Boylston St., Boston.

BIG MARRIAGE DIRECTORY — MAILED absolutely free. Hundreds, handsome and wealthy ladies seek marriage. Ideal Directory, Morton Bldg., Chicago.

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MARRY—FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

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MAGIC WORDS! SECRET, SURE, METHOD of obtaining anything you want. Postpaid 10c. Lida Smedley, 2761 Fulton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

COLD CREAM, FRECKLE LOTION, HAIR tonic. Catalog free. Lock Box 1533, F, Denver, Colo.

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HANDSOME WIDOW, 29, WORTH $30,000 or more, lonely, would marry. "G." Mission Unity, San Francisco.

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GENTLEMEN'S LATEST JOKE ARTICLE, 10c. Sullivan Co., 24 Rose St., Battle Creek, Mich.

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GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Mailed free. The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

"FROM THE BALL ROOM TO HELL" mailed anywhere, 25c. L. E. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., A. Syracuse, N. Y.

GET MARRIED; LARGE, HANDSOMELY illustrated matrimonial magazine mailed free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

WANT TO MARRY RICH? IF SO, WRITE to C. A. Rowell, Box 160, Chicago, Ill.

Cowboy Perils.

(Continued From Page 15.)

her faintly, and then turned as the door opened.

"Coffee!" said Childs, cheerfully. "All ready, right this way, people. You will come, Miss Parkman? Or we can hunt up a tray if you like?"

"Not at all," she said, and she went into the kitchen on Fred's arm

The reaction had made her almost gay. Childs was cheerful and interesting without being boisterous, and under the influence of his sunny conversation, the dread that had been hers, and the awe for what lay beyond the hall became almost as vague for the moment as some horrible dream. Childs was telling of a cooking experience he had once had in Texas The girl smiled when he had finished

"Mr Childs," she said, "you don't do yourself justice; you should have been a chef. In more serious moments I have dreamed of coffee like this."

"A mistake," he protested gravely; "I couldn't do it again if I tried."

"Your eye gives you away," she retorted "It is the work of a master, Mr. Childs."

"Harry does everything well," said Harpel "His acquaintance is worth cultivating."

"I was beginning to realize that," said the girl.

"Ah," cried Childs, mournfully, "I see I am doomed to wash the dishes!"

Harpel protested feebly that he would help, and vehemently that Miss Parkman would not, and the result was that Childs lounged on a table, smoking and giving solemn advice, while the others put things to rights. Afterward the latter went and put the horses up and then returned to assist Harpel in making a bed in the kitchen. When he had at last got between the blankets with a final cigarette between his fingers, he remarked:

"I reckon, after seein' how things turned out, it was sure enough Grimes who put your rifle on the blink, Fred."

"And of course it was young Williams discussing the horse, Pedro, whom I heard talking with Grimes while I was in the stable last evening. It's all reasonable enough. I wonder what Tom will do now?"

"See the jig is up, I reckon, and get out. He will be meek enough when he learns what happened to Grimes. There ain't no real harm in him, only a kid tryin' to be bad without the brains. That day it would have been easy to drop you at fifty yards without himself bein' seen. Yes, I reckon layin' away up there on the hill was a evidence of his sense Now if that had 'a' been Grimes—— Childs made a grimace, and threw away his cigarette stub "I reckon some sleep is next," he said. "We want to be gone at daylight."

But for Harpel there was no sleep for many hours. At the moment of victory, a fresh and insurmountable barrier had been raised between him and the little schoolma'am. At the moment he had begun to hope, for him, at least, the bottom had suddenly fallen out of the world. Once he seriously considered slipping away. The danger to her was gone now, and to stay longer would only be to make the final parting harder.

He rose on his elbow. Beside him Childs lay sleeping like an infant, his breast rising and falling calmly in his slumber. Harpel sat up; a glance showed him that the cowboy had not moved With his mind half made up to go, he suddenly remembered something, and settled back again. It was the thought of what Childs would say when he knew!

When Harpel had finally succumbed to deathly weariness and was asleep at last, the cowboy beside him rose, even as the other had done half an hour before, and peered into Fred's upturned face.

"Safe at last," he muttered faintly. "Darned if he didn't have me pretty near worn out with waitin'. The fool! Wants to sneak off after he is on the home stretch with the inside track. Not if I know it, young man; I've had trouble enough already without you fallin' on my hands this far along." And with a second glance to make certainty doubly sure, he turned over and went to sleep instantly.

At the sound of Childs moving quietly about, Harpel started up, and after a glance at his watch, dressed speedily With a fire going, the expert Harry set about getting breakfast. Harpel pounded on the living-room door and then went to get the horses. In the unfamiliar darkness he was long about it, and so found the meal ready upon his return, and the girl busy setting the table. When the dishes had been cleared away, Harpel and Julia washed them, while Childs voted to go in search of the loosened ponies

"Grimes had some plumb gentle ones," he said, "and I don't reckon they went far. It's gettin' light enough to see now, and I don't think I'll be long spottin' 'em."

The other two heard the log bridge rattle faintly with his going, and knew then that the horses were beyond the fence, and so they finished their work leisurely, and then sat down to await his return.

Harpel smoked silently in black despair, as he thought of the barrier the girl had raised between them. He had won, only to lose something far more precious, and the knowledge was hard to bear.

"The—the body?" said Miss Parkman. "What will be done with that?"

"Harry will go on to Bender City this morning and notify the sheriff and the coroner, and they will be up some time today. It was a clear enough case, you see, and Grimes' reputation was well known I do not think many will be sorry."

"Poor Harry!" she said suddenly. "We owe him a lot, Fred."

"More than we can ever repay," he told her.

"I realize that all too deeply," she said "There is nothing we can do for him?" She hesitated. "Money or something?"

"He would only be insulted."

"Or land? The Bar 7 will be for sale now—— She paused, with a glance at him.

"He would not accept it," said Harpel. "I know him too well. He could never be a manager, and the ownership of such a place as this would only be a long struggle with certain defeat and disaster at the end. He will never be any one but Harry Childs, loyal and generous, but no business man. I would thank him, and nothing more; he would like that best."

"And you, Fred, I owe you a lot, too. I know now you meant it for the best when you warned me against Grimes, altho at the time—you will forgive me, won't you?"

He remained silent with pale face and averted eyes.

"I am really sorry," she went on. "I——"

"Please!" he said brokenly "You make it harder for me, Julia. I wish you wouldn't."

She touched his arm. "I was proud," she said slowly. "I hadn't been used to having people tell me about my acquaintances, but I told you I was sorry for that, didn't I?"

"You are very good, Julia. However, it wasn't that."

"Then what, pray?"

"It's the d—d money," he said almost fiercely. "Nothing could have mattered but the money. Why couldn't you have stayed like other people, girl?"

"The money doesn't change me," she protested.

"No," he said, "but it makes you an impossible distance from me Don't you see?"

"Oh" she cried. "And so you really like me, Fred?"

"My devotion is not the less because you said you hated me."

"I told Tom that," she corrected. "Tom didn't matter."

"Then you don't?"

"Don't what?" she demanded, with a glance.

"Hate me."

"Of course not, silly."

"Or particularly like me?"

Silence.

"You have not answered."

"Haven't I? How do you know that I will?"

"If you do not, I am going to kiss you."

"That would not be fair."

"Perhaps not, but it would be carrying out a perfectly natural impulse"

"Fine! That is a compliment."

"Is it?" he asked, as tho doubtful.

"Of course. Why don't you say something? I never thought you were stupid."

"I was only gathering courage," he said. "I am becoming brave, Julia."

She had apparently not noticed, but sat with her chin in her hands and watched the dawn come across the hills

"Julia."

"Yes, Fred."

"If I should become brave, Julia——"

"I hear Harry coming," she said briefly

"And in a few moments the opportunity will be gone forever," Harpel said slowly. "I am afraid I am not so brave when it comes to parting, little girl. Suppose I should forget the money?"

"Why, Fred," she cried softly. "I told you the money didn't matter!"

The End.

* * *

Old-fashioned Girl.

"I've been watching an 'old-fashioned girl' for quite a long while," says a writer, "and I want to tell you something about her.

"Her dresses were made in modern style, but, bless you, she was so old-fashioned that she arose in the morning when her mother did, helped set the table neatly and cooked one or two dishes daintily her 'own self.'

"She had 'graduated,' yet she did not think because of that fact that the kitchen was not good enough for her. Oh, no! She was so much behind the times that she actually washed the dishes, made her bed, dusted and then began preparations for the pudding for dinner.

"Now, wasn't she absurd when she, following the accustomed rut, should have been lying on the parlor sofa with the latest novel in her hand and her dog beside her?

"When her little brother came in crying because his kite was broken, instead of calling him a 'horrid boy,' as it is the 'fashion' to do in some homes, she helped with her own hands to mend it. How could she be in such small business?

"After dinner had been cleared away, she produced a small work-basket and proceeded to mend the family stockings. Dreadful! After her task was completed she accompanied her mother on a shopping expedition; and, altho she met many fine-looking gentlemen, she did not 'flirt' with any of them, for, don't you know, she was so antiquated she would have been shocked at the idea. As if it wasn't elevating to the intellect, to be on the watch for some masculine person to fascinate!

"The girl of whom I am telling you was pretty looking, with a bright, fresh color in her face, brought on by plenty of exercise in the open air and in the kitchen.

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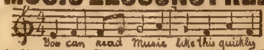

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What the Boys Found

Or, The Stolen Tourmaline

By Bertha Seavey Saunier

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PART I

THE gem disappeared from the showcase of Struthers Brothers in broad daylight on July the ninth, very near ten o'clock in the morning, and warrants were out within the hour for the arrest of the thief. It was a rare gem—a tourmaline of great value but recently taken from the mines in the south of the State. It was a rubellite. The city of Los Angeles had barely recovered from the excitement caused by the finding of the first tourmalines in Gem County when Struthers Brothers reported their loss.

This was as fuel to fire. The published account of the theft brought hundreds of excited and curious people to the scene of the robbery where the gem had for two weeks been on exhibition to the public. During this time scores of gem lovers had visited Struthers', curious to see how a rubellite worth twenty thousand dollars would look.

The thief had appeared to be not one of the merely curious. He figured as a prospective buyer of the gem. He was a man of slender build, dark-faced, dark-haired, clean-shaven, and well dressed—so well dressed that any doubts about his real intention were disarmed. Still, as a matter of custom, the clerk who attended him took note of such physical items by which he might be identified among other men. He noted that between the heavy black brows was a thin line about an inch long leaning obliquely toward the left—probably the scar of some wound received in youth and long since healed.

None of the detectives, however, was able to apprehend him. Parties of tourists leaving the city on extended tramps thru the mountain regions to the North wondered if the thief, fleeing in the same direction, might by chance be discovered in some remote corner which their travels would cover.

One touring car, carrying two men, a woman, a girl and three boys bent on sight-seeing, spoken of as the "Turner party," covered the five hundred miles to San Francisco and there separated, the three boys and one of the men leaving the car and the others in the city while they pushed on toward the mountains of Oregon.

The three boys had been greatly interested in the story of the stolen tourmaline. Even after a four weeks' trip in car, on horseback or on foot, the subject was revived frequently when game was scarce or when the solemn mystery of the woods fell about them as they sat about the camp-fire before retiring for the night.

The camp-fire lighted the faces of five persons—Mr. Turner himself, his two sons, Bob and Ferris, their cousin, Dick Toby, and the guide, Pete, hired to take them thru Grant Pass and thence to Cave Mountain, the wonder cave of tourists, which is situated in the southern part of the State. Cinnamon bears were said to abound in these parts. The party was provisioned for a month of sport among the fastnesses of the mountains.

The twenty miles from Grant's Pass to Cave Mountain was a record experience, especially for Bob and Dick. It was after leaving their noonday camp, with the mules and the men far ahead and Ferris busy with his botanical specimens, that Dick, glancing back at their late resting-place, saw a slenderly built form steal from the thicket and snatch at the remains of their midday meal. There were but a few bacon rinds, a little oil in the tin cans, and remnants of dried fish, but the fellow ate of these gratefully, ravenously. The man appeared to be a part of the wild and rugged scenery, very like the sparse foliage—ragged and dusty, gaunt and disheveled, from dire neglect.

Dick called to his cousin, a few rods ahead in the narrow trail. He was certain the form was that of a man, but Bob instantly denied it. As soon as he gave a glance at the fellow he raised his gun to his shoulder. Seeing this Dick ran forward and snatched at the weapon.

"Don't shoot him, you lobster! Do you take him for a grizzly? Put down your gun, Bob, quick!" he cried.

"Sure, it's big game of some kind," Bob answered, with the ready wisdom of eighteen years. "Let go, I tell you—let go of the gun! Let me get at the rascal, and we'll have a steak for supper."

But Dick refused. "It's no bear, I say, it's a man—there, he's gone," he insisted, bearing the gun to the ground in spite of his cousin's effort to raise it, and both boys began peering among the bushes and rocky projections of the place in order to obtain another glimpse of the dark form.

Bob, impatient of his cousin's detaining hand, got his gun loose and ran back over the uneven trail in search of the missing "game." But, searching hastily and fearing to be left behind, he could find no trace of living being, whether man or beast, and reluctantly he turned about to retrace his steps. Dick awaited him with a discreet eye on the tail-end of the small caravan ahead.

"I suppose you know it's an easy matter to get lost in this place," he remarked, frowning with superior caution.

Dick was two years younger than Bob, but less impulsive. His surety of vision, both mental and physical, had in the past proved an anchorage worth having.

"Sure, I know it," Bob answered willingly. "If it was as plain sailing here as a prairie I'd have bagged my fine fellow before he could go a dozen steps."

"It was no game," insisted Dick, leading the trail; "it was some hunter or hobo down on his luck—maybe a wild man, or miner, or something. Hurry on, Bob—we don't want to get sliced off from the bunch. It's all day with us, if we do," he added, turning sharply around the projecting point of a huge rock that had momentarily covered the retreating pack mules.

"Game or no game, it got away, anyhow," Bob answered ruefully, "but it looked good to my gun. Wish I could have captured him."

Both boys were keen for any kind of game. Alert and watchful of every movement in the brush or among the bowlders, they came finally to where the trail broadened and the view widened, and where their excitement broke loose over a lone jack-rabbit sprinting away for dear life before the ready fusillade of bullets that were sent flying after him.

"Rabbit stew for mine," Bob said, and wasted much ammunition on the timber and rugged scenery around the flying rabbit, and at last yielded the palm to Dick, who brought the game triumphantly to camp.

Pete, the half-breed guide, eyed the rabbit with doubtful glances. The boys were urging an early stop in order to prepare the game for the evening meal.

"He-em ver' tough," he said, resenting time lost in this manner; "he-em rabbit ver' tough eats. He-em tak' plenty time cook—plenty time chew, too—he-em so tough," he objected.

"Never mind, Pete," the boys urged, helping to tie the mules and to unpack them; "we don't need to be in such a tearing hurry to get to Cave Mountain while there are diversions of fresh meat to be had on the way."

"He-em tough meat, anyway," Pete insisted obstinately. But he gave way to their wishes when Mr. Turner himself took sides with the boys in urging a rabbit stew for supper.

Pete's opinion, however, was confirmed an hour later when the meat was served. It was so tough that it was consigned to the pot with regrets, and left to simmer over a bank of coals while the meal was made from the pack.

"To be sure I have passed it up,' said Ferris, the least of hunters among them, and the one who, instead of hunting wild animals, was bent on securing mountain specimens of plant life. "But I say," he added, at a sudden thought, "in places inaccessible, you know, the meat would serve as rope, perhaps, to suspend by while I reach for rare specimens——"

He was here pelted with "monkey berries" from the overhanging boughs, which Bob and Dick snatched and threw at him, and the meal was concluded in merriment

The camp retired early. There was little adventure where precipices furnished a dangerous lure for sight-seers, and Pete, still resenting the delay, silently vowed that he would have them all traveling at an early hour to make up for the time lost over the jack-rabbit.

Accordingly, before dawn he made good his promise, roused the men, and waked the dying embers of the fire. Dick and Bob, stretching their cramped limbs, yawned and remembered the rabbit.

"How's the stew?" Dick called, sitting erect on his bed of hemlock, hoping that the morning meal would be graced by fresh meat. Pete was facing the fire where the coffee was already beginning to simmer. He shrugged his shoulders without answering.

"Never mind—I'll take a look at it myself," Dick continued, humoring the man's silence by striding to the spot where the kettle had stood the night previous. He stopped short when he saw no kettle. "Pete," he said, turning to the guide, "you sour rogue, you, what have you done with the rabbit stew—eh?"

"Me—bon—I ain' touch," Pete answered, with a gesture.

"Well, it isn't here, is it? The pot is gone and the rabbit, too, and I'll bet they didn't go without hands and legs."

"I ain' know—he-em too tough—he-em too strong——"

Dick turned to the others in the tent that had covered them all thru the night. "One of you fellows better own up," he threatened darkly, studying their faces for a trace of treachery

But Bob, at least, was innocent, for he sprang out and looked sharply about.

"I say—you, Pete, or Ferry—one of you is wise on that stew. Come, tell where it is, or we don't go another step over this trail, if Dick and I can manage to prevent it."

Mr. Turner here stood forth and looked around, sure that he could locate the kettle of rabbit on short notice, and Ferris showed a genuine concern when the entire region was searched and no kettle of stew was discovered. Every one was bewildered over the mystery which did not clear, even when the sun shed its light upon it. The kettle and its contents had plainly been stolen during the night. There was no doubt about it. This was the final decision which the boys submitted to with very bad grace.

They ate their bacon and biscuits with much glooming and conjecture, and blamed the skulking fellow who had been seen the day before ravaging over the remnants of their noon meal. At least, Bob admitted that it might be so

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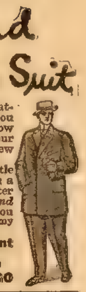

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when Dick suggested the idea. Yet he had preferred seeing a bear instead of a man, and said that a bear could have stolen the kettle of meat and made off with it. This point was warmly contested as they continued toward Cave Mountain.

The trail they took was difficult. It was narrow and steep and often dangerous. Here it led to brinks where a misstep meant certain death; there it crept around immense bowlders; and again reached up with a clinging touch to the sturdy side of the mountain as if affrighted; and again it dipped abruptly downward with the apparent intention of pitching the traveler into the abyss below in spite of himself.

Again and again were the boys warned to be careful. Ferris, who was busy with his kodak, readily kept within bounds, but both Dick and Bob, keenly eager for the sight of a bear, which had so far been denied them, strayed ahead of the guide and took daring climbs, hazardous to life and limb, almost to no purpose. Almost, yes. There was finally an exception. Dick, perching above the trail in the crotch of a couple of bowlders, where his eyes were lifted to the level of a diminutive table-land, that was thick with shale-rock and stunted trees and scrub-brush, saw a movement at the far end of the level space that set the fire in his eyes to blazing with excitement.

"Bob!" he called in a throaty whisper, and beckoned frantically for his cousin to follow him.

Up they crept to the level above, and crouched trembling with eagerness to watch the dark creature far beyond, that was moving leisurely, and as yet unwarned, along the brink of the shale-rock, his obvious purpose being to descend to some point below.

"Quick," whispered Bob, "or he'll be gone!" And his impetuous fire informed the creature for the first time of danger.

"It is a bear, by George!" Dick cried, blazing away at the animal that here turned in its surprise and sniffed the air. He was seen plainly—a rather small-sized, brown bear with an inquisitive, blackish snout poised only for a moment. Then down he plunged, as the second shot rang out, slipping and sliding over the rough descent, with the boys, wild with excitement, running and struggling to overtake him and get another good aim, for it was clear that their first shots had gone wild.

The bear gave them a hard road to follow. But, throwing caution to the winds, they did their best to get over the bowlders and shale and sharp descents, which the bear took with ease, until, disappearing in a narrow defile, they all but despaired of securing the prize. They followed cautiously, and found nothing in the narrow place. But, continuing thru it, they caught a glimpse of a brown coat shambling ahead, only to be lost to view again by a projecting spur of the mountain. When the boys had rounded this, there was the bear disappearing again into a dark opening which appeared under an overhanging rock. Dick, leading the way by a couple of yards, saw him disappear and yelled:

"Bob, come on—or he's a goner, sure! Gee whiz! Don't let him get away!" He ran, reckless of his bruises, over the rough trail, and Bob followed, equally frantic.

"Did you see where he went in?" Bob asked, coming up breathlessly.

"Sure! There's a place, a cave, or something," Dick pointed to the opening as they ran, "and he's gone in there—come on!"

They rounded a concave path leading up to the opening, and soon came to the spot where the bear had disappeared. They entered, standing erect, but once within they were obliged to drop on all fours and creep forward as best they could; the ceiling of solid rock dropping within two feet and less of the floor.

"It's a cavern," Dick announced, as they crept forward into the gaping mouth that had so recently swallowed up the bear.

"Gee, but it's a poky business," Bob muttered, still advancing and dragging his gun at his side.

"Who's afraid?" asked Dick, crawling slowly along on his stomach, for here the passage was very low.

But soon they had passed into a lofty hallway or vestibule and were able to stand erect once more. The only light here was that coming from the entrance, and this being so nearly shut off they could see with difficulty, but they made out that the bear was not in the place—of that they were sure at once, tho a blast of wind as strong as a gale and as cold as winter rushed at them from within the cavern. They staggered against it and clutched their caps, as they peered into the darkness whence the tempest came, but could make out nothing of what was there. For the first time their courage faltered. They dared not venture farther without a light.

"Gee! I hate to give up that bear!" Dick declared, in a real frenzy of despair.

"Hold on—hurray! Strike a match, why don't we?" Bob exclaimed, but no sooner had he done this when the tiny flame was extinguished by the wind.

"You're a peach, Bob," Dick declared, with fine scorn. "I say, what about that pocket lamp of yours? You brought it on purpose for seeing the wonders of Cave Mountain. Fetch it out now."

Bob speedily reached into his pocket. "Forgot all about it," he muttered. "I was so crazy over Bruin——" Both boys gulped down chunks of wind as they stood there, but presently Bob was able to throw a bright glow of light from the small electric device he had provided for the trip to the big cave. This was an immense relief. By its aid the boys advanced along a narrow passage with confidence, and stared eagerly ahead for a glimpse of the elusive Mr. Bruin.

"Whew—what a hummer of a wind!" Dick gasped, as they emerged from the passage. "Look out! Step easy here," he added, glaring about, as he warned Bob that the floor took a decided dip downward and was very uneven. They needed eyes for their feet and eyes for the bear, too, should he chance to be in the vicinity.

It was indeed a strange scene that was presented them by the flash of light which Bob was able to throw about the chamber which they now entered. In a single glance they saw rocks upon rocks piled to the lofty ceiling, forming a narrow chamber that changed in size and shape as they proceeded. On they went thru it, but saw nothing of the bear. Soon they were obliged to drop on all fours again, but presently stood erect in another and more spacious chamber than the first.

Here the air was more quiet, and being consumed with wonder Dick at last put the bear out of mind long enough to voice a suspicion that he had in mind.

"Why, Bobby," he said, "it's a cinch that we've hit upon the big cave—we're miles ahead of ourselves. Well, what'll you bet if you don't believe it?" he added, as Bob looked his disbelief and gazed about.

"It can't be true," Bob objected.

But neither of the boys forgot for a moment the danger of entering what might be the home of many bears, and both were ever alert for an attack. The bear might easily be detected in the place, which gleamed with white rocks—the ceiling, the walls, the floor. Some were smoothly even, some were jagged, bearing great horns of glistening white, and other rocks lay strewn about as if giant hands had been playing with them.

The boys stood with bated breath and gazed and listened.

"I can hear water—running water," Dick said, breaking the awed silence of the rock-lined room.

"Yes, so do I—it's this way—and perhaps Mr. Bear is there getting himself a drink. Come on," Bob answered, moving toward a doorway to the right, whence the sound seemed to come.

They passed thru a narrow doorway with cleft and ragged edges, and entered a chamber, smaller than the last, the white rocks reaching in stalagmites from the ceiling, and dripping moisture into narrow channels worn in the floor, or meeting with other columns pointing upward as if thru the drippings they were built of the mineral substance in the water. A noisy stream of clear and cold water rushed madly away to unseen distances somewhere in the room, but the boys stood glancing suspiciously about before they ventured to approach the rushing water. There was no bear in sight. If he had been there to drink he was gone by this time, and Bob, bearing the electric lamp, advanced with watchful eyes, the light making grotesque shadows among the ghostly rocks until Dick, following closely, quaked with strange sensations. In fact, both boys were doubly excited over

"Anaemia—Lack of Iron—Is Greatest Curse To Health and Beauty of American Women"

Says Dr. King, Physician and Author

Any Woman Who Tires Easily, is Nervous or Irritable, or Looks Pale, Haggard And Worn, Should Have Her Blood Examined for Iron Deficiency.

Administration of Nuxated Iron Will Increase the Strength and Endurance of Weak, Nervous, Careworn Women 200 Per Cent in Two Weeks' Time In Many Instances.

THE CHILD'S APPEAL

Mother, why don't you take NUXATED IRON and be strong and well and have nice rosy cheeks instead of being so nervous and irritable all the time and looking so haggard and old-The doctor gave some to Susie Smith's mother and she was worse off than you are and now she looks just fine

You can tell the women with plenty of iron in their blood-beautiful healthy rosy cheeked women full of Life, Vim and Vitality

Dr. Ferdinand King, New York physician and author, tells physicians that they should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their patients—Says anaemia—iron deficiency—is the greatest curse to the health, strength, vitality and beauty of the modern American Woman.—Sounds warning against use of metallic iron which may injure the teeth, corrode the stomach and do far more harm than good; advises use of only nuxated iron.

"There can be no healthy, beautiful, rosy cheeked women without iron," says Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York physician and author. "In my recent talks to physicians on the grave and serious consequences of iron deficiency in the blood of American women, I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—nuxated iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking women patients. Pallor means anaemia. The skin of an anaemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks."

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda, crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal no longer is iron to be found. Refining process have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe, the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

"As I have said a hundred times over organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver, heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood.

On account of the peculiar nature of woman, and the great drain placed upon her system at certain periods, she requires iron much more than man to help make up for the loss.

Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance, and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles, in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless.

I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe aggravated conditions with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder.

Many an athlete and prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Howard James, late of the United States Public Health Service, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But so many American women suffer from iron deficiency with its attendant ills — physical weakness, nervous irritability, melancholy, indigestion, flabby, sagging muscles, etc., etc.—and in consequence of their weakened run-down condition they are so liable to contract serious and even fatal diseases that I deem it my duty to advise such to take Nuxated Iron. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine or secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

this entirely unlooked-for adventure.

"I don't know what father will think," Bob said, standing over the stream that was nearly hidden from view in the rocky floor; "we didn't mean to get here before the rest of the bunch."

"He won't care as long as we get the bear," Dick assured him.

But both boys were thinking of the wonder cave of which they had read—the cave famous to all tourists of the West—and of the confusing chambers it was said to contain. In their excited pursuit of the bear they did not think that they could lose their way among its numerous passages and chamber-like caverns. In fact, there were but two thoughts uppermost in mind—pursuit of the bear and wonder over what their eyes saw. The latter being but secondary, they pressed forward, curious to see what lay beyond thru another opening leading out of this room into the next, and yet keenly alert as before for a sight of the bear.

"If we dared to separate," commented Bob, in a low tone, "we might be able to locate the rascal quicker than by keeping together. But——" He stopped and glanced sidewise at Dick.

"M-m—yes, let's keep together, Bob. We need to stick in case the rascal shows up," Dick said, nervously, swallowing with difficulty as the light was flashed over a chamber more cavern-like than the others, being lower as to its ceiling and rougher as to its walls. Near the center stood a huge basin formed of crystal rocks and in it was a pool of water, clear and cold, which the boys tasted and found very good.

"This is sure the big cave that we have hit upon," Dick remarked for the second time, as they glanced about.

The silence was oppressive. There were no foul odors, they noticed. The supply of air, as well as the source of the water, was a mystery that no one as yet had solved. So the accounts had read. However, the boys gave no heed to so trivial a matter, but pressed forward to look into the room beyond. It was a spacious chamber, glistening white under Bob's light, which flashed sharply about, showing the walls broken and bristling with sharp points, or here and there smooth, as tho chiseled by master workmen. The walls were nowhere parallel, and the ceiling and floor declined in several directions.

But the boys did not pause to take in these items, for, some distance beyond them, slipping stealthily from his refuge—a confused group of column-like rocks, ghostly white in the sudden glow of light—and making off toward a low and narrow doorway on the opposite side of the chamber, was the bear! That he did not show fight made the boys suspect that he had fled before their advance, and that he felt secure in further flight, tho, as they reasoned, his judgment was at fault in this, for Dick hastily fired at his retreating form, filling the low room with a dense smoke and effectually covering the retreat of the game.

"Shucks!" he cried, ready to weep with vexation as they plunged after the bear thru the smudge, and belatedly found the door in spite of it. Then, getting thru the doorway by stooping low, Dick plucked up courage. "Look, Bob," he whispered, pointing to the gleaming floor. "There—see those red spots? I did hit the old rogue—look at those blooming drops of blood, will you? I hit him in the hind-quarters. Come on with the light and we'll spot him yet."

"You're it, Dick," muttered Bob, at sight of the red blood. "Come along, then," he said, shedding the light upon the trail that quickly led them to a remote part of the chamber and then disappeared only to be found again in another chamber more remote than the others.

The bear appeared to be in full cry for his life, for the boys got no glimpse of him again until they had followed the trail from chamber to chamber, losing it again and again, but recovering it by dint of much care and time and patient search. At length Dick halted and grasped Bob's arm, dragging him back with a gasp of horror.

"Jerusalem! Hold on, Bob, and don't move!" He pointed to a great chasm yawning before them, in whose immeasurable black depths was the sound of water running in great volume.

Bob stopped and flashed the light across. A dark shape rewarded their long search. "Gee whittaker!" he whispered, dropping on one knee and pulling Dick down, as he pointed to the shadowy outline of the bear sitting on his haunches, less than fifty feet away, his dark form outlined against the dull white rocks beyond him. "Let's don't make another muff of it," he continued, hiding his light as soon as Dick had marked the spot.

Both crouched low, anxious to agree on the best means of capturing the prize and to risk no chance in doing it. They looked to their guns, both of them repeaters, and again flashed the light upon the doomed bear, Dick ready to fire and Bob ready to follow with a second shot.

Bang! In a single flash of the light the bear was revealed still sitting upon his haunches as if loss of blood had exhausted him, but the detonations from the guns filled the place not only with sound, but with a volume of dense smoke. The air was thick with it, and the boys, listening to the howls of distress mingling with the dull echoes that repeated the sound of the guns again and again, were at a loss how to proceed.

The bear was hit without a doubt. How badly he was wounded they had no means of knowing, and both young hunters quaked in their shoes as they crouched on the edge of the deep chasm. They dared not cross. The chasm was too wide for a leap, and if they had crossed it the prospect of meeting the bear in his desperate rage was not alluring. Besides, the smoke from the two shots filled the chamber to suffocation. The small electric glow that Bob carried could not penetrate the dense fumes, and there was nothing to do but to wait until the smoke should clear by settling to the ground. The air was still. No motion or air currents served to clarify it. Nothing could be seen by the hunters, who waited and fretted and listened, until after interminable moments the sounds died away. Even the bear-howls were finally silenced, and here a new fear seized upon the boys.

"Bet he's skipped again," Dick muttered thru his chattering teeth.

"If he has," returned Bob, "he won't go so far as he did before. He won't lead us such a merry chase again, for I'm sure those two shots must have gone home. I'm dead sure of that."

"A plague on this smoke! If I ever go hunting bear in a cave again I'll get a smokeless powder," was Dick's irritated answer.

Bob took out his watch and scowled at its face. Then he stared, placing it to his ear, and stared again at the hands.

"Say, how long have we been trailing that rascal—eh?" he demanded.

"I'll give it up," Dick answered, leaning over to get a look at the white face of the watch. "What time of day is it?" He was thinking with Bob of "the bunch" they had left, hours before, quietly following the trail to Cave Mountain. "Whew!" he whistled in amazed wonder. "Seven o'clock—don't know whether it's morning or evening—hey? Your watch is on the bum, Bob. Wish I had brought mine," he added.

"It's the correct time," Bob retorted, "and don't you forget it. Must be evening, as I figure it, and by George, I can't wait here any longer!" He put up the watch and choked with the smoke that was apparently settling slowly but surely. The air above became a trifle clearer. So did the ideas of the young hunters—enough so they could think of things other than the bear and the time of day.

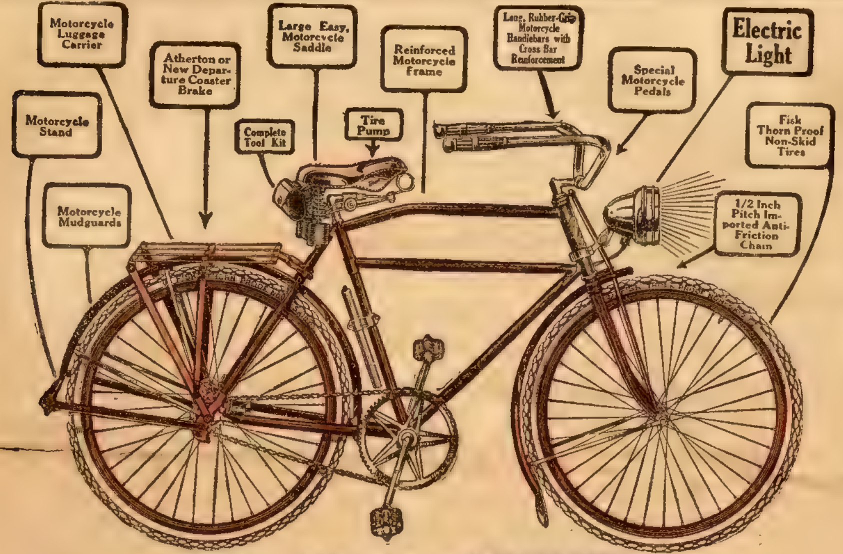
"Caesar, but that scamp has led us a pretty chase! How far in this infernal cavern has he dragged us? How big is this cave, anyhow?" demanded Dick, trying to look about him in the murky air.

Bob was already on his feet ready for some desperate action. "Search me," he invited, with a shrug, and feeling for the edge of the chasm with a foot. "I never was here before, I know, but some say that it has been explored for only two miles, and that isn't nearly all there is to it. There may be miles that nobody has ever seen. That's what we were talking about when we started for the place." Here they looked at each other with a moment's staggering comprehension. Could two clever young lads like themselves become lost in any kind of cave?

"All I care for," replied Dick, brushing at the smoke with one hand, "is to get the bear. Leave me to find the way out again as soon as we secure the game we've been after these many days—seems days, doesn't it? I'm nearly raving hungry. Come on. Hold the light to the ground and let's see if we can get over to Mr. Bear. He's so quiet I know he's a dead one—the thing is to get over there and see what he looks like."

The smoke still hung like a curtain in the air, but it was lowering steadily when the boys began creeping slowly inch by inch in search of some projecting portion of the rock (so strangely

(Continued on Page 21.)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READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

It's up to the ruler of a nation to be straight.

Never judge a man's bravery by his conversation.

Every man who does the best he can is a real hero.

Some people think anything tiresome that is a duty.

A jackknife is dangerous, but less so than a jackpot.

The very latest thing in dress goods is a new baby.

It's a short street that has no turn for the organ grinder.

It's easy for a man to get married if he doesn't want to.

Conceit may puff a man up, but it doesn't boost him up.

Hope is all right when it forms a partnership with hustle.

Most of us believe in everlasting punishment for our enemies.

Being on the right side in politics means being on the inside.

A woman can believe only half she hears when she so chooses.

Some women have a mania for collecting marriage certificates.

A man's strength is estimated by his ability to fight against odds.

We imagine there are a lot of halos in heaven that won't be called for.

Good resolutions are now marked down to make room for spring styles.

Courtesy opens many doors and the lack of courtesy leaves them open.

Good looks may catch a man, but it takes good housekeeping to hold him.

Unless a man really loves a woman he is unable to tell the color of her eyes.

Many a man who thinks he's a hero to his wife is but a freak with a swelled head.

You never realize how dearly you have paid for your whistle until you try to sell it.

When it comes to drawing conveyances, a lawyer may be as valuable as a horse.

If our neighbors would mind their own business we would be more apt to mind ours.

When men have more money than they need they think they need more than they have.

"Haste makes waste," despite the fact that one has to hustle in order to keep up with the wagon.

There are higher things in life for a woman than a good complexion—a pretty bonnet, for instance.

If an honest man is the noblest work of God it might be well to keep an eye on the self-made man.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

"Penguin-gray" is one of the new colors, and it is exquisite in crepe, velvet, satin, or soft cloth. There is a touch of faint pink in this peculiar gray.

There have been many quilted linings observed in the height of this winter season, but it remains for the advance models for spring to show quilted satin hats, skirt hems of various materials quilted in odd patterns and negligees of soft silk quilted to softer linings.

Many of the new toques are exaggeratedly high and narrow. These have the effect of making their wearers look very tall and slender. Indeed, the fashions of the present spring all tend in this direction. Quite suddenly the feminine world seems to have sprung up and to have lost flesh.

All the new skirts, without exception, are ankle length. The question of width is not at all so distinctly decided. Some of the new walking skirts are quite narrow: not more than two yards at the extreme hem, at most. Others are much wider in reality, but they look narrow because they are made of exceptionally soft and supple materials which fall in straight, heavy folds.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Never darn fine woolen underwear with wool. It will shrink and pull out a hole larger than the original. A loosely twisted knitting silk is excellent for the purpose. When washed the darn will have almost the same thickness as the knitted goods.

The woman who goes about with a workbag on her arm is more usual than she used to be. The craze for knitting has done much to make her so, for before knitting came in there had been many years of comparatively little doing of needlework among us. Not that knitting is needlework. But knitting has brought renewed interest in handiwork of all sorts and now workbags are so lovely that nobody can resist them.

The most charming kind of a boudoir cap can be made from a large handkerchief. It must be a man's size and should be of finished linen. Whip to the edge of it an inch wide edge of Valenciennes lace. You may add a beading before you apply the lace, thru which ribbon can be run, but it is not necessary. Fold back two corners of the handkerchief for several inches. These fall at back and front of the cap. Now gather the other corners over the ears and hold the gathers with a knot of ribbon. To hold the cap in place use an end of the ribbon as a chinstrap and snap it under the bow on the other side.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

To take away the strong, hot taste of onions, pour boiling water over them after they have been sliced, then drain and pour cold water on them.

Playing cards that are old and stick together are made to slide like new, if a little talcum powder is sprinkled on each card and they are shuffled a few times.

You will find in preparing a grape fruit that the coarse center is easily removed by taking a pair of scissors and clipping the cords to make a cup-like center for the sugar.

In buying material for wash house dresses, buy sufficient to make aprons of the same stuff. They look much neater and in better taste than if made of some other pattern or color.

Don't throw broken gas mantles away; the material is excellent for cleaning gold and silver jewelry. Lay it on a piece of chamois leather and rub briskly—a brilliant polish will result.

There is no reason why the ice should not be made at home when the winter comes. Set the pailful of clean water out overnight and in the morning bring it in and set it on the stove for a moment to thaw around the edges; it will then slip out easily.

RECIPES.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Pare the apples and punch out the cores with a sharp round tin apple corer. Cut each apple into three slices crosswise so that each piece will be a circle with a hole in the center. Dip these pieces of apple into a batter made as follows: Two eggs, one-half pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter (melted) and about one pint of flour. Salt and fry in boiling fat. Sprinkle with sugar and serve on a hot dish. This batter is nice for all kinds of fritters.

FRICASSEED OYSTERS—Cook together a tablespoonful of butter and two of flour. Upon them pour a half-pint of milk and continue to stir constantly until a smooth thick sauce. Turn in a solid pint of oysters and cook for about four minutes, or until the gills of the oysters begin to curl, an unfailing sign that they have cooked enough. Put in then half a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper and three grates of a nutmeg. If the sauce seems too thick after the oysters have been in three minutes, put in a couple of tablespoonfuls of cream. Serve as soon as cooked, for the oysters toughen by standing.

SPINACH SOUFFLE—Rub two cupfuls of cooked spinach thru a sieve, add one cupful of white sauce, salt and pepper to taste and the white of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth; put the mixture in buttered timbale cups. Set the cups in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven for one-quarter of an hour. Before serving sprinkle the top of each with chopped parsley and riced yolk of hard-cooked egg.

REDUCES DOUBLE CHIN.

To help reduce a double chin, practice the following exercise: 1—Stand erect, in military position. Place the hands lightly on the hips, fingers forward. Drop the chin slowly on the collarbone; then throw the head back with a quick, even movement that is not a jerk, but yet puts all the muscles into quick play. Repeat ten times. 2—Turn the head quickly to the right till the chin is just over the right shoulder; then back again. Repeat ten times; then turn the head to the left in the same way. Repeat ten times. Do not tire the muscles of the neck, but gradually increase the number of exercises daily until you can practice each about fifty times without after-discomfort.

What the Boys Found.

(Continued From Page 20.)

cleft or separated as to form the chasm) that they might cross in safety.

Here and there they found sharp turns in the gaping rift that made them stand a moment fearing to go forward, but at length Bob, leading with his light, dropped upon his knees, and felt carefully to the left of him.

"Here it is," he announced, "here is a place, a projection. It reaches part way over. Be careful, Dick, and follow me—look sharp! Gee! but I'm nervous."

"So'm I," Dick answered, swallowing more smoke as he dropped down to feel his way with his hands. "It isn't a crossing, is it, Bob? Does it reach clear over?"

"No, but we can make it—if we don't go dizzy. Look alive, now, when you come along here—it's a mighty dangerous place. Maybe we ought to wait until the smoke is all cleared up. There, I guess I'm on the solid rock, but you look alive, Dick. Here—do you see?" Bob held the light close in an agony of dread, until Dick, standing erect, took the final spring that landed him safely on solid rock and by Bob's side.

"Now, come along," he added, "and we will see if the bear has run away."

This interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

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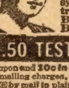


GOITRE

You Can Have a Beautiful Neck Again

Don't suffer. Don't be disfigured any longer. Test my wonderful treatment. No obligation. Absolutely no danger. No interference with work. Hundreds of stubborn cases report *immediate results.*

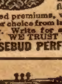
No Operation—Simple, Safe Home Treatment—Convince Yourself!

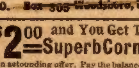
"My goitre is cured, neck normal," says Mrs. C. H. Hawn, of North Jackson, Ohio, "and am feeling fine. I improved before taking medicine a week." *You* may test my great remedy at my expense. Send *today* for Free $2.50 Treatment. Quickly stops choking and other disagreeable symptoms. Over 100,000 cases treated. Write DR. W. T. BOBO, 812 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

$2.50 TEST TREATMENT FREE

This coupon and 10c in stamps or silver to help pay packing and mailing charges, is good for one $2.50 Test Treatment FREE by mail in plain package.

Age?_____ How old is Goitre?_____ yrs.
Nervous?_____ Hands tremble?_____
Do eyes bulge?_____ Does heart beat too rapidly?_____ Health?_____
Name _____
Address _____ 812





2 Rings and Bracelet FREE
Sell 6 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c box
Valuable preparation for burns, sores, tetter, piles, catarrh, corns, bunions, etc. Return the $1.50 and we will send these 3 fine gold plated premiums, warranted, or choice from large catalog. Write for salve today. WE TRUST YOU.
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 305 Woodsboro, Md.

$2.00 and You Get This Superb Cornet
WURLITZER
200 years of instrument making
Free Carrying Case with this Superb Triple Silver Plated lyric cornet, genuine leather. Write today.
An astounding offer. Pay the balance at the rate of 10c a day. Free trial before you decide to buy.
FREE Band Catalog!
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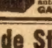
THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.,
Cincinnati, O. Dept. 9012, Chicago, Ill.



FREE Fine Camera and complete outfit for selling 20 Large Colored Art & Religious Pictures or 20 pkgs. Beautiful Post Cards at 10cents each. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money returned. Order your choice today.
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Genuine 7 Jewel American Made Standard Watch $3.95
Guaranteed Ten Years
THIN MODEL
Send Only $1.00 LADIES, BOYS OR GENTLEMAN'S SIZE
SOLID SILVERODE OPEN FACE OR HUNTING STYLE CASE, will last a lifetime. Fitted with genuine 7 jewel Standard movement, white enamel dial, spade hands, exposed winding wheels, breguet hairspring, genuine whip lash regulator, stem wind and set. Every watch fully timed, tested and regulated at the factory, ready to give full satisfaction. WRITTEN GUARANTEE FOR 10 YEARS. Equal in quality to any $25 watch made. Send us only $1 by mail and we will send you this watch at once. When you receive it, send the balance of $2.95. If you want a real practical timekeeper, send us $1 today. Mention size and style watch you want.
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AGENTS—SOMETHING NEW BIG WINNER—JUST OUT

WE want a representative in every county at once to advertise, accept orders and deliver our marvelous, new **Quickedge Knife and Shear Sharpener** to every home. We want hustlers—**men who want to work fast and make money fast.** This is an immediate cash opportunity of

$10.00 PER DAY

New Invention. No competition. **Low-priced.** Ten-second demonstration at every house. No talking necessary. Sold upon absolute, money-back guarantee. **Sharpens any kitchen, paring, carving knife in ten seconds.** A child can use it. Always ready. Women demand it on sight. Exclaim: "Just what I've always wanted." The biggest, fastest seller invented in ten years. Abolishes dull knives and shears forever from every home. A necessity. **Leave 50 on trial—50 orders**

$300.00 PER MONTH

We guarantee the **Quickedge Knife and Shear Sharpener** to you and to your customers. **We take all the risk.** No charge for territory. Business furnishes capital. Profits start first morning—No boss. Your time is your own. The cash stays in your own hands. No experience required. No delay. High class, clean, money-making business of unlimited opportunity. **Send no money.** Just write for complete particulars, free. We will hold exclusive county agency for you. Learn what others are doing. Act at once. Territory is being rapidly assigned. **This means $10 a Day cash for the agent who gets your county.** You can have it—free. **Write today—now.** Send your name and address, and give name of your county. Address

THE QUICKEDGE SHARPENER CO., Dept. 550, 215 W. SCHILLER ST., CHICAGO

Sharpens any Kitchen Knife, Carving Knife or Shears in Ten Seconds

Only $1.50 Selling Price

Wouldn't You Like to Get Rid of That Catarrh?

Well, here is your opportunity. I am going to give away, during the next ten days, two thousand packages of Gauss Combined Treatment to those who need it, and if you want relief, sign the coupon at the foot of this notice, and the free package will be forwarded to you at once by parcels post.

I want to prove to you that Gauss Combined Treatment will relieve your catarrh. The method is effective, because it strikes at the root of the trouble and gives permanent relief by removing the cause. This is the only correct way to treat catarrh and if you want quick and lasting results, send at once for the free package. Fill out the coupon below and package will be sent to you by return mail.

FREE

This coupon is good for a package of GAUSS COMBINED CATARRH TREATMENT, sent free by mail. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below, and mail to C. E. GAUSS, 1191 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

$10,000,000 A Year Wasted On Trusses

Wrong to Buy Anything For Rupture Without Getting Sixty Days Trial.

A conservative estimate shows that nearly ten million dollars a year—in this country alone—is practically wasted on worthless rupture appliances—all because people trust to a mere try-on instead of making a thorough test.

Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days' trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why drugstores should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

Box 25—Cluthe Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

HOW TO MAKE LOVE (NEW BOOK) Tells how to Get Acquainted; How to Begin Courtship How to Court a Bashful Girl, to Woo a Widow; to win an Heiress; how to catch a Rich Bachelor; how to manage your beau to make him propose; how to make your fellow or girl love you; what to do before and after the wedding. Tells other things necessary for Lovers to know. Sample copy by mail **10 cents.**

ROYAL BOOK CO., Box 82 So. Norwalk, Conn.

SORE LEGS HEALED

Open Legs, Ulcers, Enlarged Veins, Eczema healed while you work. Write for book "How to Heal My Sore Legs at Home." Describe your case.

A. C. LIEPE, 612 Green Bay Avenue, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD for 60 days. Send name and address and receive ten 10c packages of Native Herbs, 200 tablets. For Constipation, Rheumatism, Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Family use; sell friends and neighbors at 10c each; keep 50c as your profit; remit 50c. An unusual offer. Don't miss it. Write to Melrose Co., Dept. 141, Columbus, O.

You will be surprised how easy it is to get this fancy, embossed watch and stone set ring given for selling 20 jewelry articles at 10 cents each. Write to-day for the jewelry.

ARDEN WATCH CO., Dept. 51, Chicago.

The Fairy Corner

HARRY'S AIRSHIP.

Harry built an airship
  To sail up in the sky.
He told his little sister
  He meant to sail "on high."

He worked all morning on it;
  He worked all afternoon;
He said he wished to finish
  His wondrous airship soon.

When it was done, he climbed in,
  And cried to sister dear,
"Look out! I think I'm rising.
  You mustn't come too near."

But not an inch budged airship.
  In vain young Harry tried.
He coaxed, he pushed, he lifted!
  Then sprang he out and cried,

"Well, just stay there, old airship!
  I'd not sail anyway,
I'd rather play with sister;
  And not go-up today."

THE THREE GIFTS

There lived a little girl who had three fairy godmothers, all very old and strange. Their names were Christina, Angelina and Wilhelmina, so the little girl was named Christina Angelina Wilhelmina. Now that was a very nice name, but she could hardly be called that all the time, so it had to be shortened. The mother and the father did not wish to offend any of the godmothers by omitting her name, so after a good deal of thought they decided to call their little girl Tina-lina-mina, which did very well.

Tina-lina-mina had never seen her godmothers since she was a baby, for they lived a long way off, but they had all promised to come and see her on her tenth birthday. And so, on the morning of her tenth birthday, Tina-lina-mina was very much excited. Sure enough, at exactly ten o'clock, the three old women arrived, one from the North, one from the East, and one from the West. The little girl thought they were very nice, indeed, for they had kind faces and wore gowns like Old Mother Hubbard in the pictures, only theirs were more wonderful, all velvet and silk and gold. When they left in the afternoon they called Tina-lina-mina to them and kissed her good-by.

"Be a busy, industrious child," said Godmother Christina, and she put a thimble into Tina-lina-mina's hand.

The little girl didn't think that was a particularly nice present, but she was too polite to say so. She made a courtesy and said, "Thank you, Godmother Christina."

Then said Grandmother Angelina, "Don't eat too many sweets, my child; be moderate," and she placed a silver spoon in the little girl's hand.

Tina-lina-mina didn't think that was such a wonderful present, either, but she said, "Thank you, Godmother Angelina," very politely.

Then said Godmother Wilhelmina, "Be thoughtful, child, and run on errands willingly," and she gave her a little pair of brown slippers.

"Thank you, Godmother Wilhelmina," said Tina-mina-lina very nicely, but she couldn't help thinking the slippers were not a very gay birthday present.

However, she kissed all the old ladies good-by and asked them to come and see her again as soon as they could.

When they had gone she put on the slippers and found they fitted her perfectly. She slipped the spoon and thimble into her pocket and ran off down the road.

When she had gone a long way she found a pretty little field, so she wandered in, picking flowers. Before long she came to a little house, and on a tree in front of it were growing the largest, most luscious peaches she had ever seen. Tina-lina-mina picked one and ate it and was just starting to pick another when the door of the house opened and a little old man came out.

"You are eating the peaches in my garden," said the little old man.

Tina-lina-mina looked around. Sure enough, she was in a garden, but such a large one that she had thought it a field.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but that was the best peach I've tasted. Can't I have another?"

"You can have another," said the little old man, "if you'll come in and sew me a bed quilt."

Now Tina-lina-mina didn't like to sew, but the peaches were so delicious that she couldn't resist taking just one more. So she said, "All right," and picked another peach. When she had finished it the little old man led the way into the house. There were two rooms, and they passed thru the first without stopping and entered the second. It was packed full, almost to the ceiling, with scraps of silk. They were all sizes and colors, and Tina-lina-mina looked at them in wonder.

"You are to make the quilt out of these," said the little old man.

"But dear me!" exclaimed the child. "Why, there's enough there to make a quilt for your flower garden!"

"That's what I want it for," said the old man; "it's to be a bed quilt for the flower bed on cold nights. Now get to work. Don't lose time. There are lots of spools of silk on the mantelpiece," and he went off, closing the door.

Poor Tina-lina-mina! The room was so full she had scarcely room to squeeze into a corner by the window, and when she looked at the great pile of silks before her she just cried.

"I can never, never do it!" she sobbed, and she felt so discouraged that for half an hour she didn't even try to begin. At the end of that time the little man came back with a plate in his hand.

"Here's your supper," he said. "It's all I have in the house," and he put down the plate and went away. Tina-lina-mina looked and there was nothing in the plate but carpet tacks.

"I've never eaten tacks in my life," she said, and at first she wouldn't touch them, but in a little while she grew hungry and decided to see what they were like. She took her godmother's spoon out of her pocket and began to eat. And then a surprising thing happened. The instant the spoon touched the carpet tacks they were changed into the most delicious dessert imaginable. It was nicer than anything Tina-lina-mina had ever had, so she soon finished it.

She felt so much better that she decided to make a beginning on the quilt, and, as she had been taught to make patchwork, she knew how to set to work. And then another startling thing occurred. As soon as the godmother's thimble, which she put on, touched a piece of silk it jumped into place of its own accord and was all neatly sewed. The little girl was delighted. She began touching the scraps of silk and instantly they jumped into place, so that in five minutes her quilt was ten yards wide. At the end of an hour the whole thing was finished and every scrap of silk had been used. Then the old man came in, and when he saw the wonderful piece of

FREE ASTHMA REMEDY

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by mail to anyone who will write him for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge. • • •

$1.95 LooK Express Paid TAILORED TO-MEASURE PANTS

To get you for a steady customer, this swell Dress or Business pants, tailored-to-measure, choice of 17 styles. Guaranteed for 18 months solid wear, or Money Back—Quick. Genuine $5 value. Only 1 to a customer.

Not 1c For Extras

All novelty features are free—no charge for big Peg Tops, fancy cuffs, fancy belt loops and pocket flaps. Pick your choice from our FREE ordering outfit containing over 1000 cloth and style combinations.

This PIN—GOLD Finished FREE TO YOU

Classy, lapel pin with your first order only 850 on hand, get yours quick.

Cash Profits to you for taking measures of relatives and neighbors, young Nat. Spriggs made $139 in 30 days. Buy at lowest wholesale prices for yourself. Write for FREE samples today. Dept 268

Send No Money

CHICAGO TAILORS ASS'N.
615 So. Franklin St., Chicago

Tobacco Habit BANISHED in 48 to 72 Hours

No craving for tobacco in any form when you begin taking Tobacco Redeemer.

Don't try to quit the tobacco habit unaided. It's a losing fight against heavy odds and means a serious shock to the nervous system. **Let the tobacco habit quit YOU.** It will quit you, if you will just take **Tobacco Redeemer,** according to directions for two or three days. It is a most marvelously quick and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit.

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind. It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It makes not a particle of difference how long you have been using tobacco, how much you use or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff, **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively banish every trace of desire in from 48 to 72 hours. This we absolutely guarantee in every case or money refunded.

Write today for our free booklet showing the deadly effect of tobacco upon the human system and **positive proof** that Tobacco Redeemer will quickly free you of the habit.

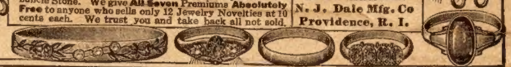
Newell Pharmacal Company, Dept. 385 St. Louis, Mo.

ALL SEVEN PREMIUMS FREE

Gold plated **Lavalliere** (set with Im. Diamond) and **Neck Chain,** pair Pierceless **Ear Bobs** (set with Im. Diamonds), **Bracelet** (set with 3 Im. Diamonds), **3** Gold plated **Rings** and Solid Sterling Silver **Ring,** set with imported Carbuncle Stone. We give **All Seven** Premiums **Absolutely Free** to anyone who sells only 12 Jewelry Novelties at 10 cents each. We trust you and take back all not sold.

Write for this liberal offer.

N. J. Dale Mfg. Co Providence, R. I.



ECZEMA

Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk Crust, Water Poison, Weeping Skin, etc.

DR. CANNADAY
Eczema Specialist for 15 Years.

For fifteen years I have been treating one disease alone, ECZEMA. I have handled over one million cases. I do not pretend to know it all, but I am convinced the disease is due to an excess of acid in the blood, and closely related to rheumatism and cancer. **This acid must be removed.**

Eczema is called by some people Itch, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk Crust, Weeping Skin, etc. I am fully convinced Eczema is a curable disease, and when I say it can be **cured,** I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for a while to return worse than before. It makes no difference what other doctors have told you, or what all you have tried, all I ask is just a chance to prove to you that this vast experience has taught me a great deal that would be of help to you. If you will write me today I will send you a free trial of my mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment that will do more to convince you than I or anyone else could in a month's preaching. It's all up to you. If you suffer any more with eczema and refuse to merely write to me for free trial, just blame yourself. No matter where you live, I have treated your neighbors. Merely dropping me a postal today is likely to give you more real comfort in a week than you ever expected to enjoy again. Do it right now, your very life may be at stake.

J. E. CANNADAY, M. D., 1292 Court Bk., Sedalia, Mo.

Reference: Third National Bank, Sedalia, or ask your banker to find out about me.

Send this notice to some poor sufferer from eczema. It will be a kind act by you.

FREE SURPRISE PRESENT FOR SOLVING THIS PUZZLE

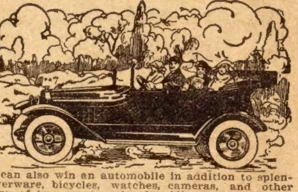
This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile. In the scenery and around the automobile are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Can you find them? Try it. It will pay you. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., and a beautiful free surprise present will be sent you. You will delight in owning this present.

AUTOMOBILE GIVEN AWAY

We will also make you a present of a Certificate of Entry for 2,000 free auto votes and tell you all about this splendid touring car, which we are going to give away free.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS—You can also win an automobile in addition to splendid prizes, such as phonographs, jewelry, silverware, bicycles, watches, cameras, and other things you like. We will also send you a copy of two great national publications worth ten cents. Write your name and address plainly, and inclose the four cents in stamps for packing, mailing, etc., of the free surprise present.

AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. R, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 NORTH DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.



Nervous Periodical Headaches

This trouble commonly called "sick-headache," is said to be due to the retention of urea in the system. Often it is stated that a poor condition of the blood is a cause of these headaches, or that it is a nervous condition; and in certain cases, no doubt this is true.

Where treatment is demanded, it is more for the pain than anything else, and Dr. A. F. Schellschmidt of Louisville, has found anti-kamnia tablets to give prompt and satisfactory relief. "Rest should be insisted upon," he says, "and the patient should go to bed, darken the room, and all the attendants and family should be as quiet as possible. An emetic will sometimes shorten the attack. The bowels should be kept open and a hot bath and a thorough rub-down with a coarse towel, often give grateful relief. Two anti-kamnia tablets when the first signs appear, will usually prevent the attack. During an attack, one tablet every hour or two will shorten the attack and relieve the usual nausea and vomiting." These tablets may be obtained at all druggists. Ask for A-K Tablets. They are also unexcelled for nervous headaches, neuralgia and all pains.

To the Wife of One Who Drinks

I have an important confidential message for you. It will come in a plain envelope. How to conquer the liquor habit in 3 days and make home happy. Wonderful, safe, lasting, reliable, inexpensive method guaranteed. Write to Edw. J. Woods, 1996 M, Station E, New York, N. Y. Show this to others.

Boys! WONDER OF THE 20TH CENTURY Girls!

BOYS! You want this GREAT NOVELTY! Apparently see bones in fingers, lead in pencil, see thru cloth, etc. Lasts lifetime. Good anytime, anywhere! Think of the fun YOU can have. Complete X-Ray & Cat. 10c, 3 for 25c, 7 for 50c, 15 for $1.00.

University Supply Co.
6141 UNIVERSITY AVE., CHICAGO

The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer

Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 15 cents. W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

CONTESTANTS

IN THE

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY'S

$4,000 CASH

HOME PICTUREGAME

ATTENTION!

We are still busily engaged in going over the sets of answers in our $4,000 Cash Home Picturegame. You will have to have a little patience with us, as the work of checking has to be done so carefully to see that no errors of any kind occur.

Do not lose or mislay your duplicate set of answers, which you have kept at home. Be sure to keep it.

Watch This Paper Each Week for Details as to How the Checking Is Progressing.

The Farming Business,

500 North Dearborn Street,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

work he stood stock-still in amazement.

"It's all done," said Tina-lina-mina. "Good-by!" and she ran out of the house before the little old man recovered from his surprise. She ran fast for a long way, for she was a little afraid the old man might come after her. When she stopped at last she was in a little wood which she had never seen before.

"Oh, dear," she cried, "I'm lost!" And indeed she was. She stood still wondering what she was to do and then another curious thing happened. Her feet began to walk of their own accord. Her godmother's slippers were taking her home. Tina-lina-mina was delighted. She kept on running and walking for some time, and then she spied in the distance her own dear house. And when she ran in at the door and found her own mother waiting for her she decided there were no better presents in the world than those given her by her three fairy godmothers.

❦

TEDDY.

What's the good of giving a medal to a dog?

No doubt some people asked this question when they picked up the daily papers one morning not long ago and read that a big dog named Teddy had been given a medal by the New York Women's League for Animals for saving the lives of two children who were drowning in the Hudson River.

Teddy is a handsome big Newfoundland dog, and you could not make many people believe that he has not as much sense as some people have. It is certain that he had sense enough to know that two children were drowning when he saw them struggling in the waters of the river. He rushed into the stream and brought both of the children to shore in safety. How did he know that they were drowning? He had some kind of dog sense that made him aware of this fact.

The intelligence of most Newfoundland dogs is remarkable, and the boy who would say that Teddy is "no fool" would only be giving the fine big dog his due. He is not the first dog to be given a medal for saving human life. No fewer than six other dogs are wearers of medals similar to the one given to Teddy.

He is an extremely amiable and friendly dog, the property of Olaf Hansen of New York. Teddy modestly extends his paw for a "handshake" whenever any one feels disposed to grasp it in friendliness. How much he "sensed" the distinction of being awarded a medal for bravery we do not know. It is certain, however, that he knew enough to save human life when it was in danger, and that makes him worthy of the medal he now wears on his collar.

❦

BABY BEAVER'S DAM.

"I know of a naturalist down in eastern Maine," said a well-known Maine college professor, "who wouldn't be convinced that beavers could build dams till he saw it done with his own eyes. One day I bought a baby beaver of a hunter who traps them and sent him to my skeptical friend. He grew greatly attached to the little fellow and kept him in the house, but he often wrote to me that his beaver didn't show any propensity at all for dam building.

"One Monday, washing day, his wife set a leaky pail full of water on the kitchen floor. The beaver was in the kitchen—he was only a baby then, too—and he saw the water oozing out of a crack in the pail. He scampered out into the yard, brought in a chip and began building his dam.

"The naturalist was summoned. He watched the little fellow, thunderstruck. Said he:

"'Leave that pail there, wife, till doomsday, if need be, and let's see what the little fellow will do.'

"The beaver kept at it for four weeks, until he had built a solid dam clear around the pail.

"My naturalist friend is quite a beaver man today. They say, you know, that way down East there is a beaver dam that couldn't be built for $200,000. Oh, men don't know everything! The wasp knew how to make paper before we did."

❦

REAR GUARD REMOVED.

Doris was rather backward in her studies. One day when her father was inquiring into her standing at school she admitted that she was lowest in her class.

"Why, Doris, I am ashamed of you!" her mother exclaimed. "Why don't you study harder and try to get away from the foot of the class?"

"It isn't my fault," Doris replied in tones of injured innocence. "The little girl who has always been at the foot has left school."

❦

NOT FAIR.

"Say, Bob," asked George, "is it true that schoolteachers get paid?"

"Certainly it is," said Bob.

"Well, then," George said indignantly, "that ain't right. Why should the teachers get paid when we kids do all the work?"

❦

THE SQUAW'S REVENGE.

A squaw refused to marry a Canadian Indian, and he took her scalp—a lock of her hair, as it were. She then married him, and it wasn't long before he hadn't hair enough for a scalp-lock.

❦

In Bloody Mary's Days.

(Continued From Page 5.)

who was now in the toils of London's law.

"God pity her!" he said, letting the curtain fall. "That may be my doom if I remain here, but my father's will said that I am to carve my way thru the world with this trusty blade, and henceforth, come what may, it shall be my only friend!"

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

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I'm a Member NOW

My Dandy Tailored Suit cost me Nothing

Also got elegant Emblem Button free, showing my Rank and Degree. Am swellest dressed man in town, making big money. I introduce the Society to friends, get them to join. It's grand work for my spare time.

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Got my own beautiful suit, became General Agent. Got promoted. Now I'm a leader, people look up to me. Best thing I ever had. Get appointed in your territory —Write quick. Receive Book of Samples FREE, how to join and get Emblem FREE.

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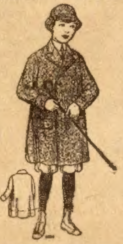
PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

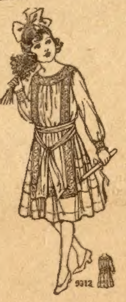
Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

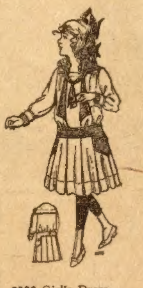
We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



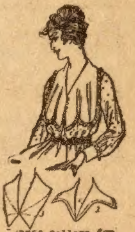
9354 Boy's Reefer,
4 to 12 years.
Price 10 cts.



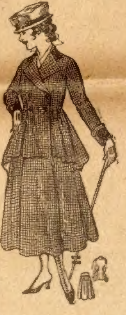
9312 Girl's Tunic Dress,
10 to 14 years.



9306 Girl's Dress,
6 to 12 years.

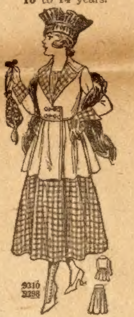


9356 Collars for Coats or Dresses
one size.
Price 10 cts.



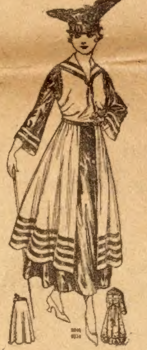
9196 Double-Breasted Coat for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

9298 Straight Skirt with Yoke for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



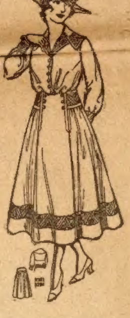
9310 Coat for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

9298 Straight Skirt with Yoke for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



9246 Gown with Over-Bodice, 34 to 42 bust.

9314 Two-Piece Skirt, 24 to 34 waist.



9281 Blouse for Misses Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

9298 Straight Skirt with Yoke for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

........................CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US........................

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons. **Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.**

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If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) Coupons good for six months.

Spear Points the Way

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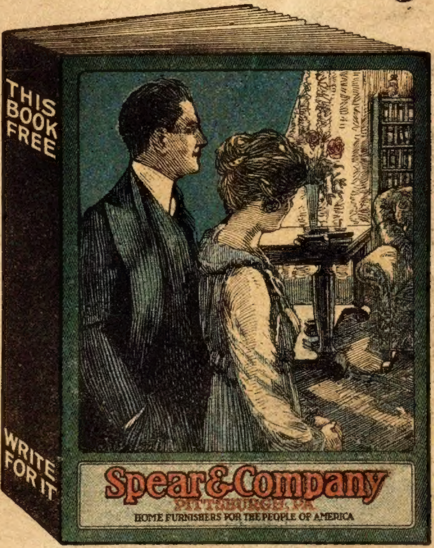

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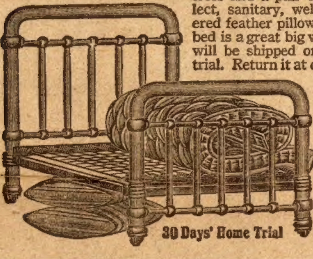
Outfit consists of a handsome, strongly constructed Iron Bed, in 4 ft. 6 in. width only, and in blue, green or plain white enamel; rust-proof steel link fabric spring fastened to angle steel ends with full helical springs; well made 50 lb. cotton top mattress and a pair of select, sanitary, well covered feather pillows. This bed is a great big value and will be shipped on 30 days' trial. Return it at our expense if not satisfactory, and your first payment as well as freight charges will be refunded.



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Total Price $11.95

Order No. E386. Terms: 50c cash with order, balance 50c monthly.

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Use this Kitchen Cabinet 30 Days

50c With Order and 50c a month pays for this Kitchen Cabinet. This is an ideal value in a fine, low priced kitchen cabinet. It is made of select solid oak finished golden. Material and workmanship guaranteed. The hardwood base top measures 41 by 26 inches. Has 45 pound capacity flour bin with sifter, roomy china closet and plenty of drawer and utensil space. Cupboard doors are fitted with attractive art glass, and all trimmings are of the neatest design. This cabinet will give the utmost of satisfaction, and will be shipped on 30 days' trial. Return at our expense if not satisfactory and your money will be refunded. Price $11.95

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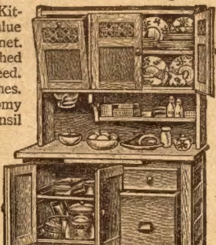
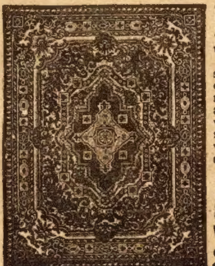


Send Only 50c With Order

Remarkably Beautiful Tapestry Brussels Room Rug



$13.95 Size 8½ x 11 Feet

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